











*German and English*  
Schiller's  
LAY OF THE BELL,

Illustrated by Kettsch,

WITH

A TRANSLATION OF THE POEM,

AND

AN ANALYSIS OF THE OUTLINES, ETC.

BY

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SECOND EDITION.

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## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

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THE translation of SCHILLER's celebrated *Lied von der Glocke*, now presented to the public in a new typographical garb, formed part of a prior work, in two 12mo. volumes, entitled "*ILLUSTRATIONS OF GERMAN POETRY.*"

The Editor is encouraged to this second undertaking, partly by the attention with which the first has been favoured, and partly by the assurance of critics, on whose judgment he relies, that the alterations and supplements herein contained will justify the republication.

They consist chiefly of a careful revision of the version itself, as well as the notes and prefatory matter; a copy of the original German poem, printed

in parallel columns with the translation; and the insertion of the admired engravings by MAURICE RETZSCH.

These additions were suggested as desiderata in the first edition; the one as a requisite test of the Translator's fidelity, the other as an indispensable accompaniment to his Analysis of the Outlines.

Both are now annexed, in compliance with the demands of an extensive circulation, and in the hope that they may be found equally useful to students, and acceptable to the general reader and admirer of graphic art.



## P R E F A C E.

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MADAME DE STAEL, in her account of German literature, gives an epitome of the *Lay of the Bell*, as one of the most striking specimens of Schiller's style: this epitome, while it affords ample authority for the Translator's claim to indulgence in the execution of a difficult task, may serve, at the same time, to recommend it to notice more agreeably than by any other mode of introduction. These are her words :

La pièce de vers intitulée " *La Cloche* " consiste en deux parties parfaitement distinctes : les strophes en refrain expriment le travail qui se fait dans la forge, et entre chacune de ces strophes il y a des vers ravissants sur les circonstances solennelles, ou sur les événements extraordinaires annoncés par les cloches, tels que la naissance, le mariage, la mort, l'incendie, la révolte, &c. On pourrait

traduire en Français les pensées fortes, les images belles et touchantes qu'inspirent à Schiller les grandes époques de la destinée humaine ; mais il est impossible d'imiter noblement les strophes en petits vers et composées de mots dont le son bizarre et précipité semble faire entendre les coups redoublés et les pas rapides des ouvriers qui dirigent la lave brûlante de l'airain. Peut-on avoir l'idée d'un poëme de ce genre par une traduction en prose ? c'est lire la musique au lieu de l'entendre ; encore est-il plus aisé de se figurer, par l'imagination, l'effet des instruments qu'on connaît, que les accords et les contrastes d'un rythme et d'une langue qu'on ignore. Tantôt la brièveté régulière du mètre fait sentir l'activité des forgerons, l'énergie bornée, mais continue, qui s'exerce dans les occupations matérielles ; et tantôt, à côté de ce bruit dur et fort, l'on entend les chants aériens de l'enthousiasme et de la mélancolie.

After duly considering these peculiarities, it remains, in conclusion, only to make a few remarks, generally applicable to the method of translation here adopted, relative to which Pope's sensible rule should be kept in view :

In every work regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend.

Without fatiguing the reader with that vexata questio, the comparative merits of a free and literal translation ; still less pretending to develop a theory in which there is little or nothing new since Dryden's preface to his Fables, or at least since the dissertations on metre and metrical versions dispersed throughout the works of Southey and Coleridge, it will be quite enough to state the present object, and the means by which it has been endeavoured to effect it.

The design, then, is, like that of every considerate reformer, to pursue a middle course between *the ultra-liberal and the ultra-conservative*, to conform with all reasonable demands at the proper time and place, and, as it were, by a politic plan of conciliation to make whatever sacrifice the nature of the work may exact, yet cautiously and deliberately, without either encroaching upon the limits, or contracting the scope of its fundamental constitution. To drop the metaphor, this has been attempted, not by a version word for word, or line by line, but by an adherence, as strict as possible, to the rhythm, pause, and cadence of the several metres, preserving at the same time the essential meaning of every phrase, whether amplified or compressed, sometimes by periphrasis, and sometimes by the substitution of an equivalent word or idea for one which might appear less animated or graceful if literally translated—the system of “compensation,” as it has been appropriately called. By these

means it is proposed to communicate to the ear, as well as to the mind, a just conception, not only of the thought and structure, but, if the expression may be allowed, the very tune of this lyrical composition, so that it might almost be sung to the same air, or chanted to the same recitative as the original. To exemplify this method by comparison with a sister art, it may be allowable to observe, that it is by principles analogous to these that the skilful musician adapts words to a new or foreign melody, not, as it is to often practised, by constraining them within the compass of notes unequal in time and punctuation,

With Midas ear committing short and long—

but by adjusting one to the other, so that both may fall with proper ictus, bar by bar, within the same measure ; a result which cannot be better exemplified than by that nice adaptation of sound and sentiment which stamps the genius, and breathes in every note of the melodies of Moore.

It has been long since observed, and later commentators have added nothing to the maxim, that a translator should aim at no less than what his author might be imagined as capable of effecting, had he written in the same language : and doubtless, the greatest success has crowned the efforts of those who have proposed to themselves this highest possible standard of excellence.

That it is quite possible to produce these effects in a language like ours, possessing every qualification for the purpose in a copiousness which yields to none, and in a nature sufficiently masculine, yet plastic to every foreign form of composition, ancient or modern, cannot be doubted by those who are aware of the miracles achieved by our earlier translators, from Gawin Douglas to Chapman, Fairfax, Dryden, and Pope. Nor are there wanting many of our own



age, and that immediately preceding it, who, though occasionally varying from the letter, yet retaining the spirit, have worn, and continue to wear the mantle of their immortal prototypes. With these masterly examples, and with a literature redundant in every metrical resource, it may well be disputed with those critics, who, arguing in favour of translations of verse into prose, have affirmed the necessity of either sacrificing sense to metre, or metre to sense, whether any such necessity really exists.

The present Translator is not vain enough to trust the issue of this question to the precarious test of his own endeavours, though it would be mere affectation to deny that he is willing to hazard some reputation on the experiment.

That he has been anticipated in his attempt to do justice to this masterpiece of Schiller's muse, has stimulated rather than discouraged him from a contest with more than one eminent competitor; for, whoever may ultimately win the prize, to have run the same race will be alike creditable to all: and whatever else may be the success of this volume, no inconsiderable end will be attained, if by some novelty in its arrangement, and some additional information derivable from its contents, a little more shall have been contributed towards the better understanding and juster appreciation by English readers of a work which, considered as one of the most admired samples of German literature, deserves the fullest investigation.





# THE LAY OF THE BELL.

VIVOS VOCO. MORTUOS PLANGO. FULGURA FRANGO.

Fest gemauert in der Erden  
Steht die Form, aus Lehm gebrannt.  
Heute muß die Glocke werden!  
Frisch, Gefellen, seyd zur Hand!  
Von der Stirne heiß  
Rinnen muß der Schweiß,  
Soll das Werk den Meister loben;  
Doch der Segen kommt von Oben.

Zum Werke, das wir ernst bereiten,  
Geziemt sich wohl ein ernstes Wort;  
Wenn gute Reden sie begleiten,  
Dann fließt die Arbeit munter fort.  
So laßt uns jetzt mit Fleiß betrachten,  
Was durch die schwache Kraft entspringt;  
Den schlechten Mann muß man verachten,  
Der nie bedacht, was er vollbringt.  
Das ist's ja, was den Menschen zieret,  
Und dazu ward ihm der Verstand,  
Daß er im innern Herzen spüret,  
Was er erschafft mit seiner Hand.

Lo ! the mould of well-baked clay,  
Close immured, on earth doth stand !  
Up ! we cast the bell to day:  
Up ! my comrades, lay to hand.  
On the brow of toil  
Must the sweat-drops boil,  
Would we prove our mastery; —  
But the blessing 's from on high.

The work with earnest care beginning,  
'Tis meet that earnest words attend;  
That gentle speech, on labour winning,  
May speed it to a cheerful end.  
Then ply with heed and pious warning  
What man's mere strength would bring to nought:  
The losel earns no meed, but scorning,  
Who recks not what his hands have wrought.  
For this was man with reason gifted,  
That he might search and understand;  
Then most adorned, when, heaven-ward lifted,  
The heart directs the labouring hand.

Nehmet Holz vom Fichtenstamme,  
 Doch recht trocken laßt es seyn,  
 Daß die eingepreßte Flamme  
 Schläge zu dem Schwalch hinein!  
     Kocht des Kupfers Brei:  
     Schnell das Zinn herbei!  
 Daß die zähe Glockenspeise  
 Fließe nach der rechten Weise.

Was in des Dammes tiefer Grube  
 Die Hand mit Feuers Hülfe baut,  
 Hoch auf des Thurmes Glockenstube,  
 Da wird es von uns zeugen laut.  
 Noch dauern wird's in späten Tagen  
 Und rühren vieler Menschen Ohr  
 Und wird mit dem Betrübten klagen  
 Und stimmen zu der Andacht Chor.  
 Was unten tief dem Erdensohne  
 Das wechselnde Verhängniß bringt,  
 Das schlägt an die metallne Krone,  
 Die es erbaulich weiter klingt.

Weisse Blasen seh' ich springen:  
 Wohl! die Massen sind im Fluß.  
 Laßt's mit Aschensalz durchdringen,  
 Das befördert schnell den Guß.  
     Auch vom Schaume rein  
     Muß die Mischung seyn,  
 Daß vom reinlichen Metalle  
 Rein und voll die Stimme schalle.

Denn mit der Freude Feierklänge  
 Begrüßt sie das geliebte Kind

Piles of seasoned pine-brands rear,  
 Till the flame, through froth and foam,  
 Self-concentered, sharp, and sheer,  
 To the smouldering flue strikes home.  
     In the coppery broth  
     Let the white tin froth,  
 That the plastic ore may swell  
 To a right well-metalled bell.

By dint of hand and fire-craft,  
 High above its earthy bed,  
 From the church-tower shall it waft  
 Tidings of the quick and dead;  
 To generations yet unborn  
 Shall witness of our works; and share  
 Affliction with the heart forlorn,  
 Or wake the sinful soul to prayer.  
 Whate'er the wayward Fates provide,  
 Of change and chance, of weal or woe,  
 The brazen mouth shall herald wide,  
 And moralize to man below.

White the bubbles rise and rush—  
 Hold! to haste the mingled flow,  
 Pour the potash, ere it gush,  
 Searching all, above, below;  
     That nor *flaw* nor *pore*  
     Mar the drossless ore;  
 But full and clear the mellow sound  
 From the metal pure rebound.

Hark! how the solemn peal is ringing,  
 To hail the babe, that listlessly

Auf seines Lebens erstem Gange,  
 Den es in Schlafes Arm beginnt;  
 Ihm ruhen noch im Zeitenschöße  
 Die schwarzen und die heitern Lese;  
 Der Mutterliebe zarte Sorgen  
 Bewachen seinen goldnen Morgen—  
 Die Jahre fliehen pfeilgeschwind.  
 Vom Mädchen reißt sich stolz der Knabe,  
 Er stürmt ins Leben wild hinaus,  
 Durchmisst die Welt am Wanderstabe,  
 Fremd kehrt er heim ins Vaterhaus;  
 Und herrlich, in der Jugend Prangen,  
 Wie ein Gebild aus Himmelshöhn,  
 Mit züchtigen, verschämten Wangen  
 Sieht er die Jungfrau vor sich stehn.  
 Da faßt ein namenloses Sehnen  
 Des Jünglings Herz, er irrt allein,  
 Aus seinen Augen brechen Thränen,  
 Er flieht der Brüder wilden Reihn;  
 Erröthend folgt er ihren Spuren  
 Und ist von ihrem Gruß beglückt,  
 Das Schönste sucht er auf den Fluren,  
 Womit er seine Liebe schmückt.  
 O zarte Sehnsucht, süßes Hoffen,  
 Der ersten Liebe goldne Zeit,  
 Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen,  
 Es schwelgt das Herz in Seligkeit—  
 O, daß sie ewig grünen bliebe,  
 Die schöne Zeit der jungen Liebe!

Wie sich schon die Pfeifen bräunen!  
 Dieses Stäbchen tauch' ich ein,

His prime of life in peace beginning,  
 Sleeps beneath the mother's eye,  
 That, like a watch-light, ever warning,  
 Beams upon his golden morning:  
 Foul or serene, his future doom  
 Lies lapped in Time's unfathomed gloom:—  
 His years like feathered arrows fly!  
 From maiden play to man's employ  
 Indignant starts the stripling boy:  
 He grasps his staff—he roams the earth—  
 A stranger to his father's hearth  
 Returns, and views, in all her charms,  
 The maid that first his young heart warms.  
 Bright as a vision heaven-born,  
 She blooms in beauty, like the morn  
 Flickered with all its orient hues,—  
 So deep a blush her cheek imbues.  
 A nameless, longing, lingering glow  
 Fires all his blood; he roves alone;  
 Tears from his eyes unwonted flow:  
 Far from his rude companions flown,  
 Her steps he traces, blest where'er  
 She greets him: field and flowery grove  
 He spoils of all that's sweet and fair,  
 Wherewith to grace his lady-love.  
 Ah! tender hope! Ah! dear delusion!  
 First love! life's golden age of dreams!  
 Heaven opes—he quaffs the bright effusion,  
 And basks in blest Elysean beams.  
 Oh! that young Love's sweet primrose tide  
 Might ever fresh and fair abide!

See! the glowing pipes grow brown:  
 Probe the metal to the core.

Sehn wir's überglast erscheinen,  
 Wird's zum Gusse zeitig seyn.  
 Jetzt, Gefellen, frisch!  
 Prüft mir das Gemisch,  
 Ob das Spröde mit dem Weichen  
 Sich vereint zum guten Zeichen.

Denn, wo das Strenge mit dem Zarten,  
 Wo Starres sich und Milde paarten,  
 Da gibt es einen guten Klang.  
 Drum prüfe, wer sich ewig bindet,  
 Ob sich das Herz zum Herzen findet!  
 Der Wahn ist kurz, die Reu' ist lang.  
 Lieblich in der Bräute Locken  
 Spielt der jungfräuliche Kranz,  
 Wenn die hellen Kirchenglocken  
 Laden zu des Festes Glanz.  
 Ach! des Lebens schönste Feier  
 Endigt auch den Lebensmai.  
 Mit dem Gürtel, mit dem Schleier  
 Reißt der schöne Wahn entzwei.  
 Die Leidenschaft flieht,  
 Die Liebe muß bleiben;  
 Die Blume verblüht,  
 Die Frucht muß treiben;  
 Der Mann muß hinaus  
 Ins feindliche Leben,  
 Muß wirken und streben  
 Und pflanzen und schaffen,  
 Erlisten, erraffen,  
 Muß wetten und wagen,  
 Das Glück zu erjagen.  
 Da strömet herbei die unendliche Gabe,  
 Es füllt sich der Speicher mit köstlicher Habe,

If the *rod*, now plunging down,  
 Rises glazed with molten ore,  
 'Tis a token sure  
 All is prime and pure;  
 That, soft and brittle, meetly cast,  
 Are ripe to run, and pledged to last.

For when contrasted natures pair,  
 And rough and smooth united are,  
 Then rings the concord rich and strong.  
 Thus ye, ere plighted at the shrine,  
 Prove well if heart with heart combine:  
 Short is the trance—repentance long.  
 Fluttering in the young bride's tresses  
 Sweet the virgin-blossoms play,  
 When the merry church-bell blesses  
 Wedded love's bright holiday.  
 Ah! the moment of enjoying  
 Strikes with blight love's short-lived May;  
 The girdle loosed, the veil withdrawing,  
 Tears the fairy trance away.  
 But love must endure  
 When passion is dead,  
 As fruits will mature  
 When their blossoms are shed.  
 And man must go forth  
 On the race he is running,  
 By wit or by worth,  
 By force or by cunning,  
 Must plant and must gather,  
 Must strive and importune,  
 And grapple and grasp  
 And make prisoner of fortune.  
 Now flows the full spring-tide



Die Räume wachsen, es dehnt sich das Haus,  
 Und drinnen waltet  
 Die züchtige Hausfrau,  
 Die Mutter der Kinder,  
 Und herrschet weise  
 Im häuslichen Kreise,  
 Und lehret die Mädchen,  
 Und wehret den Knaben,  
 Und reget ohn' Ende  
 Die fleißigen Hände,  
 Und mehrt den Gewinn  
 Mit ordnendem Sinn.  
 Und füllet mit Schätzen die duftenden Läden,  
 Und dreht um die schnurrende Spindel den Faden,  
 Und sammelt im reinlich geglätteten Schrein  
 Die schimmernde Wolle, den schneeigen Lein,  
 Und füget zum Guten den Glanz und den Schimmer,  
 Und ruhet nimmer.

Und der Vater, mit frohem Blick,

Of wealth without measure;  
 His garners are warped  
 By the weight of his treasure.  
 With his wealth and his wares  
 His mansions increase,  
 And the good housewife's cares  
 Never slumber nor cease.  
 The mother of children,  
 The nurse and the guide,  
 O'er house and o'er home  
 Behold her preside.  
 With prudence she governs,  
 And orders, and aids,  
 Exhorts or upbraids,  
 Rebuking the boys,  
 And instructing the maids.  
 With hand ever stirring,  
 And heart ever light,  
 The spinning-wheel burring  
 From morning to night,  
 For thrift and for gain  
 O'er-toiling her brain,  
 The pomp and the state  
 Of her house to maintain.  
 In sweet-scented coffers,  
 And cabinets bright,  
 Of woollen and linen,  
 All glossy and white,  
 She husbands and heaps  
 Inexhaustible store,  
 And toils evermore.

And the father exultingly

Von des Hauses weitschauendem Giebel  
 Ueberzählet sein blühend Glück,  
 Siehet der Pfosten ragende Bäume  
 Und der Scheunen gefüllte Räume  
 Und die Speicher, vom Segen gebogen,  
 Und des Kornes bewegte Wogen,  
 Rühmt sich mit stolzem Mund:  
 Fest, wie der Erde Grund,  
 Gegen des Unglücks Macht  
 Steht mir des Hauses Pracht!  
 Doch mit des Geschicks Mächten  
 Ist kein ew'ger Bund zu flechten,  
 Und das Unglück schreitet schnell.

Wohl! nun kann der Fuß beginnen,  
 Schön gezack't ist der Bruch;  
 Doch, bevor wir's lassen rinnen,  
 Betet einen frommen Spruch!  
     Stoßt den Zapfen aus!  
     Gott bewahr' das Haus!  
 Rauchend in des Henkels Wogen  
 Schießt's mit feuerbraunen Wogen.

Wohlthätig ist des Feuers Macht,  
 Wenn sie der Mensch bezähmt, bewacht,

✓  
 Looks from the loft  
 Of his turret on high,  
 Over castle and croft,  
 And counts o'er his hoard—  
 His stacks, and his stables,  
 And warehouses, stored  
 From their floors to their gables,  
 And bursting with foison—  
 His fallows and leas  
 With fulness o'er-teeming,  
 And waving and beaming  
 With bright burnished corn,  
 And with far-spreading trees:  
 And he boasts in the pride of his heart, "Behold!  
 "Yonder my house and land—  
 "Firm as the earth they stand,  
 "Glittering in glory and treasure untold."  
 Vain man! for no mortal may hold  
 A bond everlasting of fortune! for wide,  
 And sudden, and swift is the stride  
 Of Adversity, trampling on Power and Pride.

Hold! the well-grained metal shows,  
 Cleft in twain, a sample fair;  
 Yet, ere forth the torrent flows,  
 Bow with me in solemn prayer.  
     Strike the *stopple* out!  
     How the brown waves spout—  
 Arching o'er their prison wall!  
 God of his mercy guard us all!

Mild and benignant is the might  
 Of fire, when watched and ruled aright.

Und, was er bildet, was er schafft,  
 Das dankt er dieser Himmelskraft;  
 Doch furchtbar wird die Himmelskraft,  
 Wenn sie der Fessel sich entrafft,  
 Einhertritt auf der eignen Spur,  
 Die freie Tochter der Natur.  
 Wehe, wenn sie, losgelassen,  
 Wachsend ohne Widerstand,  
 Durch die vollbelebten Gassen  
 Wälzt den ungeheuren Brand!  
 Denn die Elemente haßen  
 Das Gebild' der Menschenhand.  
 Aus der Wolke  
 Quillt der Segen,  
 Strömt der Regen;  
 Aus der Wolke, ohne Wahl,  
 Zuckt der Strahl.  
 Hört ihr's wimmern hoch vom Thurm?  
 Das ist Sturm!  
 Roth, wie Blut,  
 Ist der Himmel,  
 Das ist nicht des Tages Glut!  
 Welch Getümmel  
 Straßen auf!  
 Dampf wälzt auf!  
 Flackernd steigt die Feuersäule,  
 Durch der Straße lange Zeile  
 Wächst es fort mit Windeiseile.  
 Kochend, wie aus Ofens Rachen,  
 Glühn die Lüfte, Balken krachen,  
 Pfosten stürzen, Fenster klirren,  
 Kinder jammern, Mütter irren,  
 Thiere wimmern

And well may man, with grateful heart,  
 For many a wonder-working art,  
 Revere the heaven-born power divine:  
 But should the "chartered libertine"—  
 Great Nature's free and fiery child—  
 Unbridled, in her course run wild,  
 Woe to the dwellers in the town  
 Whereof she makes her ruthless sport,  
 Hurling the conflagration down  
 Populous street and crowded court,  
 Like some huge giant's monstrous brand:  
 For all the elements, arrayed  
 In mortal enmity, have laid  
 Under their most immitigable ban  
 The triumphs of the mind of man,  
 The marvels of his hand.  
 Every gift is from on high:  
 The self-same Power  
 That sheds the shower,  
 Shoots lightning from the sky.  
 The storm is up! Heard ye the cry  
 Come wailing from yon tower?  
 Yon light is not the day!  
 O'er all the air  
 A blood-red glare  
 Blots out the genial ray.  
 Street, and strand, and mart along,  
 What a hurley! what a throng!  
 Rolls the smoke—the fire-blast roars,  
 And like a flaring pillar soars,  
 Waxing, as the whirlwind throws  
 Down the long street's swarming rows,  
 Flames, as from a furnacc flashing—

Unter Trümmern:

Alles rennet, rettet, flüchtet,  
 Taghell ist die Nacht gelichtet.  
 Durch der Hände lange Kette  
 Um die Wette  
 Fliegt der Eimer, hoch im Bogen  
 Spritzen Quellen Wasserwogen.  
 Heulend kommt der Sturm geflogen,  
 Der die Flamme brausend sucht.  
 Prasselnd in die dürre Frucht  
 Fällt sie, in des Speichers Räume,  
 In der Sparren dürre Bäume,  
 Und, als wollte sie im Wehen  
 Mit sich fort der Erde Wucht  
 Reißen in gewalt'ger Flucht,  
 Wächst sie in des Himmels Höhen  
 Riesengroß!  
 Hoffnungslos  
 Weicht der Mensch der Götterstärke,  
 Müßig sieht er seine Werke  
 Und bewundernd untergehen.

Leergebrannt  
 Ist die Stätte,  
 Wilder Stürme rauhes Bette.

Post and lintel burst in twain—  
 Tottering beam and column crashing —  
 Battered wall—and clinking pane !  
 Scared from their deserted home,  
 Children scream, and mothers roam;  
 And mid the smouldering ruins whine,  
 With helpless moan, the frightened kine.  
 / All is hurry, fear, and flight—  
 Noonday blaze usurps the night.  
 Down the chain,  
 From hand to hand,  
 Flies the bucket, and again  
 Hisses on the burning brand.  
 From the funnels  
 Arched on high,  
 Gushing runnels  
 Spirt and fly;  
 But the tempest speeds its course,  
 Howling, where the quenchless force  
 Of fire hath found its fuel out,  
 Spite of whelming water-spout.  
 There, mid spars and beams it raves,  
 As if a sea of fiery waves  
 Would, to its all-devouring deep,  
 Earth from her foundations sweep.  
 Heavenward towers the giant blaze !  
 Man, mid his ruined labours, prone,  
 Bows down to Him, of power alone  
 To prostrate or to raise.

/ All lies waste, and burned, and bare—  
 The wanton winds are chambering there—  
 And Desolation broods within.



In den öden Fensterhöhlen  
Wohnt das Grauen,  
Und des Himmels Wolken schauen  
Hoch hinein.

Einen Blick  
Nach dem Grabe  
Seiner Habe  
Sendet noch der Mensch zurück—  
Greift fröhlich dann zum Wanderstabe:  
Was Feuers Wuth ihm auch geraubt,  
Ein süßer Trost ist ihm geblieben,  
Er zählt die Häupter seiner Lieben,  
Und, sieh'! ihm fehlt kein theures Haupt.

In die Erd' ist's aufgenommen,  
Glücklich ist die Form gefüllt;  
Wird's auch schön zu Tage kommen,  
Daß es Fleiß und Kunst vergilt?  
    Wenn der Guß mißlang?  
    Wenn die Form zersprang?  
Ach, vielleicht, indem wir hoffen,  
Hat uns Unheil schon getroffen.

Dem dunkeln Schoß der heil'gen Erde  
Vertrauen wir der Hände That,  
Vertraut der Sämann seine Saat  
Und hofft, daß sie entkeimen werde  
Zum Segen, nach des Himmels Rath.  
Noch köstlicheren Samen bergen

Through yawning breach, and window rent,  
Over the roofless tenement,  
The clouds of heaven, careering high,  
Lower as they pass, and wistfully  
Look in.

One parting glance the good man throws  
Upon the spoil  
Of all his toil,  
Then grasps his staff, and forth he goes.  
Fire and storm have worked their will,  
But one sweet comfort soothes him still,  
Midst ruin unimpaired:  
The living objects of his love  
He counts, and blesses Him above  
His dearest wealth is spared.

Poured on earth, the metal bright  
Fills the mould: but who may tell  
Whether all within be well,  
Cost and labour to requite?  
    What if ore or clay  
    Burst, or bolt astray?  
Ah! while doubts perplex the soul,  
Oft mischance hath dealt the dole.

In the dark lap of mother earth  
His handiwork the craftsman lays.  
The Sower sows his seed, and prays  
For blessing, which to second birth  
The embryo plant may raise.  
Still dearer seed in earth's kind womb,

Wir trauernd in der Erde Schoß,  
Und hoffen, daß er aus den Särgen  
Erbühen soll zu schönern Los.

Von dem Dome,  
Schwer und bang,  
Tönt die Glocke  
Grabgesang.  
Ernst begleiten ihre Trauerschläge  
Einen Wandrer auf dem letzten Wege.

Ach! die Gattin ist's, die theure,  
Ach! es ist die treue Mutter,  
Die der schwarze Fürst der Schatten  
Begführt aus dem Arm des Vatten,  
Aus der zarten Kinder Schaar,  
Die sie blühend ihm gebär,  
Die sie an der treuen Brust  
Wachsen sah mit Mutterlust—  
Ach! des Hauses zarte Bande  
Sind gelöst auf immerdar:  
Denn sie wohnt im Schattenlande,  
Die des Hauses Mutter war;  
Denn es fehlt ihr treues Walten,  
Ihre Sorge wacht nicht mehr;  
An verwaister Stätte schalten  
Wird die Fremde, liebeleer.

With humble hope, we bid repose,  
That it may fairer flowers disclose,  
And blossom to a better doom.

✓ From the minster-tower the bell  
Slowly tolls a funeral knell; ✓  
Greeting, with solemn tone, the long array  
That leads some wanderer on his latest way.

Ah! 'tis she! The mother dear  
Sleeps upon her sable bier!  
'Tis the tender consort, torn  
From her husband's arms forlorn;  
From the lovely brood she bare, ✓  
On her bosom flowering fair,  
Blessing, as mothers only bless,  
Their growth in grace and loveliness.  
✓ Ah! the household bond, for ever  
Burst in twain, lies buried there;  
For the shades of death dis sever  
Her from all that fondly were  
Linked by her in love-sweet union.  
She no more, with watchful care,  
Tends the heart-warm home-communion—  
Other hands the meal prepare;  
And the bower she loved to grace,  
And the board she used to share—  
Cheerless all! Her orphan race  
In a stranger's cold embrace,  
Pine, like flowers in frosty air.

Bis die Glocke sich verkühlet,  
 Laßt die strenge Arbeit ruhn.  
 Wie im Laub der Vogel spielt,  
 Mag sich Jeder gütlich thun.  
 Winkt der Sterne Licht:  
 Ledig aller Pflicht,  
 Hört der Bursch' die Vesper schlagen;  
 Meister muß sich immer plagen.

Munter fördert seine Schritte  
 Fern im wilden Forst der Wanderer  
 Nach der lieben Heimathütte.  
 Blöckend ziehen heim die Schafe,  
 Und der Rinder  
 Breitgestirnte, glatte Schaaren  
 Kommen brüllend,  
 Die gewohnten Ställe füllend.  
 Schwer herein  
 Schwankt der Wagen,  
 Kornbeladen;  
 Bunt von Farben,  
 Auf den Garben  
 Liegt der Kranz,  
 Und das junge Volk der Schnitter  
 Fliegt zum Tanz.  
 Markt und Straße werden stiller;  
 Um des Lichts gesell'ge Flamme  
 Sammeln sich die Hausbewohner,  
 Und das Stadthor schließt sich knarrend.  
 Schwarz bedeckt  
 Sich die Erde;  
 Doch den sichern Bürger schrecket  
 Nicht die Nacht,

Soft ! the work grows cool. Away !  
 Rest ye from your toils awhile:  
 Blithe as birds upon the spray,  
 As ye list your hours beguile.  
 Lo ! the star of eve  
 Sheds a sweet reprieve.  
 Or hie ye, lads, to vesper-prayer:  
 Nought must relax the Master's care.

Cheerly through the green-wood now  
 His homeward path the traveller holds;  
 And to their wonted stalls and folds  
 Sleek bees, with broad and open brow,  
 And bleating weanlings throng.  
 Beneath its cumbrous load of grain  
 Heavily reels the creaking wain,  
 Whose sheaves, with motley garlands crowned,  
 The jocund reapers dance around,  
 And hail with harvest-song.  
 Street and market-cross grow still;  
 And, jarring on its hinges shrill,  
 The city-gate is heard to close;  
 And where yon social taper glows  
 The calm home-dwellers meet:  
 And earth puts on her winding sheet.  
 But what has darkness to appal  
 The sober citizen withal,  
 In conscious worth seenre ?  
 For Justice, with her dragon-eye,  
 Dogs, through the murky midnight sky,  
 The wretch of soul impure.

Die den Bösen gräßlich wecket:  
Denn das Auge des Gesetzes wacht.

Heil'ge Ordnung, segensreiche  
Himmelstochter, die das Gleiche  
Frei und leicht und freudig bindet,  
Die der Städte Bau gegründet,  
Die herein von den Gefilden  
Rief den ungesell'gen Wilden,  
Eintrat in der Menschen Hütten,  
Sie gewöhnt zu sanften Sitten,  
Und das theuerste der Bande  
Woh, den Trieb zum Vaterlande!

Tausend fleiß'ge Hände regen,  
Helfen sich in munterm Bund,  
Und in feurigem Bewegen  
Werden alle Kräfte kund.  
Meister rührt sich und Geselle  
In der Freiheit heil'gem Schutz,  
Jeder freut sich seiner Stelle,  
Bietet dem Verächter Trug.  
Arbeit ist des Bürgers Zierde,  
Segen ist der Mühe Preis;  
Ehrt den König seine Würde,  
Ehret uns der Hände Fleiß.

Holder Friede,  
Süße Eintracht,  
Weilet, weilet  
Freundlich über dieser Stadt!

Hail, holy Concord! hail to thee,  
Spirit of heaven-born unity!  
That links, in fetters free and light,  
The joyous bond of equal right—  
Firm on whose foundation rise  
Powers and principalities—  
Whose voice th' unsocial savage calls  
From lonely wilds to peopled walls—  
Visits the haunts of human kind,  
To gentle manners moulds the mind,  
And weaves the dearest holiest band—  
Devotion to our Fatherland.

Countless hands in eager motion,  
Fired to zeal by mutual aid,  
Art-inspired, o'er land and ocean  
Roll the rich-fraught flood of trade.  
Man and Master, with reliance  
Each on each, for freedom toil;  
Each to treason hurls defiance;  
Each upholds his native soil.  
Blessing from above embraces  
Industry on every side:  
Kingly worth the monarch graces;  
Peerless art 's the craftsman's pride.

Gentle Peace! sweet Harmony!  
O be this your sanctuary!  
Hover, hover o'er this town!  
Trampling march, or martial sally,



Möge nie der Tag erscheinen,  
 Wo des rauhen Krieges Horden  
 Dieses stille Thal durchtoben,  
 Wo der Himmel,  
 Den des Abends sanfte Röthe  
 Lieblich malt,  
 Von der Dörfer, von der Städte  
 Wildem Brande schrecklich strahlt!

Nun zerbrecht mir das Gebäude,  
 Seine Absicht hat's erfüllt,  
 Daß sich Herz und Auge weide  
 An dem wohlgelungenen Bild.  
     Schwingt den Hammer, schwingt,  
     Bis der Mantel springt!  
 Wenn die Glock' soll auferstehen,  
 Muß die Form in Stücken gehen.

Der Meister kann die Form zerbrechen  
 Mit weiser Hand, zur rechten Zeit;  
 Doch wehe, wenn in Flammenbächen  
 Das glühnde Erz sich selbst befreit!  
 Blindwüthend, mit des Donners Krachen  
 Zersprengt es das geborsne Haus,  
 Und, wie aus offnem Höllenrachen,  
 Speit es Verderben zündend aus.  
 Wo rohe Kräfte sinnlos walten,  
 Da kann sich kein Gebild gestalten;  
 Wenn sich die Völker selbst befrein,  
 Da kann die Wohlfahrt nicht gedeihn.

Ne'er invade this tranquil valley:  
 Ne'er, dread Heaven, in vengeance muster  
 Fiercer flames, than yon mild lustre  
 Shed from Eve's enamelled crown:  
 Ne'er, to mar our tender tillage,  
 City stormed, or blazing village,  
 Shoot their scattered fire-brands down.

✓ Smite me now the frame asunder.  
 Earth and fire have played their part;  
 Let th' accomplished work, with wonder  
 Feed the eye, and glad the heart.  
     Swing the hammer, swing,  
     Till the splinters spring.  
 Ere it rise, th' unmantled bell  
 Must cast off its shattered shell.

To break the mould with timely heed  
 A Master's practised hand demands; ✓  
 But woe the while, when rashly freed,  
 The fiery prisoner bursts his bands.  
 With the rattling din of thunder,  
 With a flood, as heaved from hell,  
 Ruin sweeps, and rends asunder  
 House, and all therein that dwell.  
 When reckless force usurps the sway,  
 Fast falls each fabric to decay.  
 So, when the many, self-set-free,  
 Cry havock to authority,  
 All that was glorious, good, and great  
 Lies prostrate with the ruined state.

Weh', wenn sich in dem Schoß der Städte  
 Der Feuerzunder still gehäuft,  
 Das Volk, zerreißend seine Kette,  
 Zur Eigenhülfe schrecklich greift!  
 Da zerret an der Glocke Strängen  
 Der Aufruhr, daß sie heulend schallt  
 Und, nur geweiht zu Friedensklängen,  
 Die Losung anstimmt zur Gewalt.

Freiheit und Gleichheit! hört man schallen;  
 Der ruh'ge Bürger greift zur Wehr'.  
 Die Straßen füllen sich, die Hallen,  
 Und Bürgerbanden ziehn umher.  
 Da werden Weiber zu Hyänen  
 Und treiben mit Entsetzen Scherz:  
 Noch zuckend, mit des Panthers Zähnen,  
 Zerreißen sie des Feindes Herz.  
 Nichts Heiliges ist mehr, es lösen  
 Sich alle Bande frommer Scheu;  
 Der Gute räumt den Platz dem Bösen,  
 Und alle Laster walten frei.  
 Gefährlich ist's, den Leu zu wecken,  
 Verderblich ist des Tigers Zahn;  
 Jedoch der schrecklichste der Schrecken,  
 Das ist der Mensch in seinem Wahn.  
 Weh' denen, die dem Ewigblinden  
 Des Lichtes Himmelsfackel leihn!  
 Sie strahlt ihm nicht, sie kann nur zünden  
 Und äschert Städt' und Länder ein.

Freude hat mir Gott gegeben!  
 Sehet! wie ein goldner Stern,

✓ Woe to the land in whose still breast  
 Sedition feeds the lurking flames;  
 Where, by no rule of right repress,  
 The people self-dominion claims.  
 Then, fiercely swung with frenzied hand,  
 To arms the peace-devoted bell  
 Sounds an alarm, and frights the land,  
 Ill tuned to war's discordant yell. ✓

To "Freedom and equality!"  
 The streets and crowded halls resound:  
 To arms the peaceful burghers fly,  
 And sworn assassins prowl around.  
 The Furies then to woman's breast  
 The fell Hyena's rage impart,  
 With fiendlike joy and wanton jest  
 Mangling the life-warm throbbing heart.  
 All awe of holy things is o'er,  
 Shame's modest mantle torn away,  
 Vice stalks degraded worth before,  
 And riots in the face of day.  
 Right dangerous is the Lion's lair,  
 Quenchless the Tiger's thirst for blood,  
 Direst of all the wild-cyed glare  
 Of man, brute man, in frantic mood.  
 Woe on whome'er Heaven's fire-bolt falls,  
 Hurl'd by the purblind ruffian band;  
 It beams not on their sightless balls,  
 But burns to ashes all the land.

Blessing crowns our honest toil.  
 Like a kernel from the shell,

Aus der Hülse, blank und eben,  
 Schält sich der metallne Kern.  
 Von dem Helm zum Kranz  
 Spielt's wie Sonnenglanz;  
 Auch des Wappens nette Schilder  
 Loben den erfahrenen Bilder.

Herein, herein,  
 Gefellen alle! schließt den Reihen,  
 Daß wir die Glocke tausend weihen,  
 Concordia soll ihr Name seyn.  
 Zur Eintracht, zu herzinnigem Vereine  
 Versammle sie die liebende Gemeine.

Und dies sey fortan ihr Beruf,  
 Wozu der Meister sie erschuf!  
 Hoch überm niedern Erdenleben  
 Soll sie im blauen Himmelszelt,  
 Die Nachbarin des Donners, schweben  
 Und gränzen an die Sternenwelt,  
 Soll eine Stimme seyn von Oben,  
 Wie der Gestirne helle Schaar,  
 Die ihren Schöpfer wandelnd loben  
 Und führen das bekränzte Jahr.  
 Nur ewigen und ernsten Dingen  
 Sey ihr metallner Mund geweiht,  
 Und stündlich mit den schnellen Schwingen  
 Berühr' im Fluge sie die Zeit.  
 Dem Schicksal leihe sie die Zunge;  
 Selbst herzlos, ohne Mitgefühl,  
 Begleite sie in ihrem Schwunge  
 Des Lebens wechselvolles Spiel.  
 Und, wie der Klang im Ohr vergehet,

Or a planet from the coil  
 Of parting clouds, bursts forth the bell.  
 Round the helm a blaze,  
 Like a sunbeam, plays;  
 And legend and armorial shield,  
 Proof of cunning bell-craft yield.

A ring! a ring!  
 And welcome to the christening!  
 "Concordia!" cry, my merry-men all,  
 For thus our handiwork we call,  
 To heartfelt union shall it sound,  
 And strike a sacred peace around.

Be this its doom: to this we vow  
 Our craft of hand, and sweat of brow.  
 Aloft "in pride of place," and far  
 O'er earth's low dwellings, shall it rise;  
 With the red bolt, and rolling star,  
 Co-tenant of the boundless skies.  
 A voice, as of the host on high,  
 That, shrined in every starry sphere,  
 Hosannah! to their Maker ery,  
 And lead in dance the circling year,—  
 To nought but high and holy things  
 The deep-toned voice devoted be,  
 As, hour by hour, it speeds the wings  
 Of time to vast eternity.  
 A tongue oracular to fate,  
 Though cold and heartless, shall it lend;  
 And, with life's mazes intricate,  
 Its own symphonious changes blend.  
 And as the mightiest sound that thrills

Der, mächtig tönend, ihr entschallt,  
 So lehre sie, daß nichts bestehet,  
 Daß alles Irdische verhallt.

Jego mit der Kraft des Stranges  
 Wiegt die Glock' mir aus der Gruft,  
 Daß sie in das Reich des Klanges  
 Steige, in die Himmelsluft!

Ziehet, ziehet, hebt!

Sie bewegt sich, schwebt!  
 Freude dieser Stadt bedeute,  
 Friede sey ihr erst Geläute.

The throbbing ear dissolves away,  
 So may it teach us, all that fills  
 This earthly round must needs decay.

Now ply the pulley, stretch the rope,  
 And to the realms of vocal air  
 Heave we the bell! Give ample scope,  
 That it may spurn its lowly lair.

Aloft, aloft it soars!

It swings! it roars!

Joy to this city! Peace and weal!  
 Be this its first and foremost peal. ✓



## INTRODUCTION TO THE ANALYSIS.

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IN preparing the following Analysis, the design has been, more plainly to interpret the mysterious emblems by which the Poet's thoughts have hitherto been little more than hinted at; to point out the ingenuity which has realized and substantiated his abstract ideas; and to unravel the clue by which they may be traced through all their intricate combinations.

For this purpose recourse has been had to the remarks prefixed to his admirable designs by the Artist himself; but the subject has been treated upon a plan somewhat less confined, and in a style deservedly more commendatory than that to which, for obvious reasons, they were originally limited. It may be necessary also to add, that instead of the titles *there* prefixed to each number, they are *here* headed by mottoes, extracted from the Translation, in those instances where the Poem and the Outlines coincide; but where the latter are supplementary *that epithet* is annexed instead of a motto. This will answer the double purpose of familiarizing the reader with the Poem, and of pointing out more clearly how far it has been episodically illustrated.

If any apology be required for having thus filled up *the only Outline* which the hand of unpretending genius has left incomplete,

it will be found in the desire of offering a tribute, which, however imperfect, may perhaps be deemed not altogether unacceptable, as proceeding from a country where the talents of Mr. Retzsch are so highly appreciated, and his works so extensively diffused.

Nor will these preliminary remarks be held useless to those who are unaccustomed to the mystical manner in which the subject is treated, both by the pen and the graver.

There are many passages, which, to a superficial observer, present difficulties which disappear upon more minute examination: they arise, however, not from any obscurity which can justly be imputed as a fault to either artist, but rather to the allegorical nature of the compositions themselves, and those nice transitions from one topic to another, which, while they exercise the acumen of the critic, exhibit at the same time the admirable discrimination of the author and his illustrator; and thus, by affording opportunities to compare one with the other, enhance the pleasure we derive from both.

These allegories and transitions remind us, sometimes of the Greek dramatic chorus, sometimes of those subtle combinations in

the odes of Pindar, *which speak to those who understand, but, for the many, require interpreters*. Like a perplexed mathematical problem, or a fallacy in logic, they atone for the difficulty of their solution, and flatter the ingenuity of the student, by the detection of some latent application. For neither are the verses of Schiller, nor the Outlines of Retzsch, to be considered, according to the Oriental metaphor, as pearls loosely strung together, but rather as one of those delicate Indian chains, whose links at a little distance are invisible, but, on closer inspection, are found to be connected by a series of processes, which, though partially minute and elaborate, form altogether an object whole and entire: *simplex duntaxat et unum*.

These Outlines consist of forty-three pieces, which it is proposed to analyze severally, and in relation to each other, according to their numerical arrangement.

Under this arrangement they may be said to form a little gallery of cabinet pictures, illustrative of a series of thoughts, which being embodied in certain forms, and disposed in various groups, attitudes, and situations, become the vehicle of a connected narrative.

The principal subject is the history of a church bell, from its formation in the foundery—or rather from its first conception, as an abstract idea, in the Poet's mind—to its final dissolution, in common with all the proudest works of man, under the operation of Time, the author of all decay. As a kind of underplot to this fable, are represented the various vicissitudes of human life: these, as in dramatic composition, subserve to the main plot. *In the Poem* they are first suggested by the principal subject, and then—though generally and diffusively—treated in a *didactic* style; but *here* they are concentrated, and combined together with particular persons and places in a *descriptive* form.

By this contrivance, Mr. Retzsch has created an individual and local interest, skilfully continued without interruption, though frequently by very nice gradations, through a progressive series of illustrations, from beginning to end: for though the forms which he has invented are as ideal and anonymous as those of Schiller, and their localities equally undefined, yet the portraiture of both, as often as they recur, preserves their personal identity, and thus infinitely exalts the interest of the subject.

It is by this peculiar system that these beautiful drawings are essentially distinguished from others, whether by the same or by different hands: those, for example, by Flaxman—of whom, without the necessity of any comparison, we have a right to be proud—admirably as they are designed, pretend to no such originality of invention; and those by Mr. Retzsch himself, whether they illustrate the Fridolin, the Faust, or the scenes from Shakspeare, are all indebted to their several authors for their plots, the agents by which they are conducted, and the scenery which accompanies them. *Here*, on the contrary, the *thoughts* only, “the airy nothings,” are suggested to the artist, while the *action* is defined, the *agents* “turned to shape,” and all but “a local habitation and a name” given, *not by the Poet*, but his interpreter.

Whether the latter has, in like manner, furnished us with sufficient data whereon to found the chronology of his creations, is a point which admits of some question. In this respect two things are remarkable; first, that in those scenes where offensive weapons are introduced, we find no fire-arms, except once, and then of the rudest and most primitive construction: secondly, that in the more familiar and domestic situations, the practice of smoking, now become so habitual as almost to form part of the German costume, has been altogether unnoticed. These

peculiarities, however, may easily be accounted for, by assuming an intermediate date between the earlier use of gunpowder, and the importation of tobacco from America. For, as it is commonly supposed that gunpowder was accidentally discovered by Barthold Schwartz, a native of Mayence, somewhere between 1290 and 1320, that artillery was employed in Europe for the first time at the battle of Cressy, in the year 1346, and that tobacco was not known in our hemisphere till about three hundred years afterwards; if we take the beginning of the interval between these two periods for the epoch required, we need not wonder, that in the course of this graphic exhibition we find banditti bungling with a clumsy matchlock, rebels, as well as true men, armed with pikes and cross-bows, and a whole German province still unprovided with the *meerschaut*. See Nos. XIII., XXXIV., XXXVII., and XXXVIII. These coincidences also tally well, in point of time, with the architecture uniformly represented throughout these Outlines. The wide-pointed arch, and crocketed pinnacle of monastic buildings, such as appear in No. XLI., succeeded the earlier lancet-shaped windows and undecorated

pediments, about the middle of the twelfth, and prevailed till late in the fifteenth century, when they were superseded by the more florid style, of which there is here no trace. Let us, then, with these broad data, indulge our imagination in conjecturing, that the picturesque scenes to which we are about to be introduced belong to those days of chivalry and romance, of heroic magnanimity and priest-ridden superstition, when our Anglo-Norman ancestors, the leading spirits of that stirring age, were alternately building monasteries and casting cannon: when two German Emperors were contesting the throne of the Cæsars, under the tyrannous domination of a Pope; and when one of their vassals, John the Blind, King of Bohemia, disdaining to do homage to either, preferred the service of a foreign monarch, and adopting his quarrel, lost life, crest, and cognizance to our gallant Plantagenet, Edward the Black Prince.

With this exordium, we now present the spectator with our catalogue raisonné.









# THE ANALYSIS.

## NO. I.

Whate'er the wayward Fates provide,  
Of change and chance, of weal or woe,  
The brazen mouth shall herald wide,  
And moralize to man below.

SUCH may be supposed to have been the words uppermost in the Poet's thoughts on the first conception of his subject, "THE LAY OF THE BELL;" this sketch, therefore, represents a mere vision of his mind—the first rudiments of a creation hereafter to be developed, but now only floating in his imagination, like figures in the clouds, vaguely shadowing forth the leading features of his future Poem.

First, then, the faint and ærial contour of the bell itself, and the flame which bursts from it, convey not only the idea of the material substance and element out of which it is produced, but also, the fiery genius which dictates the thought, and applies it collaterally to the decrees of Providence in relation to mankind, to time and eternity. Then, the shadowy group suggested by this first thought—the Four Seasons of the Year, distinguished from the rest of the figures by a sort of radiated coronet—

encircle and hover round the bell, leading in their train four other allegorical forms, Discord, Mirth, Sorrow, and Peace. The first is recognized by her snaky hair, and the torch with which she strikes the rim of the bell, casting at the same time a wild and fiendlike look below, as if watching the effects of its alarm. On the opposite side is "heart-easing Mirth, in heaven yeelped Euphrosyne," with her garland of roses, looking upward with a smile; next comes Sorrow, crowned with the cypress and the thorn, muffled in a mourning veil, and fixing her compassionate eyes upon the earth; lastly, Peace, in the form of a beautiful youth, bearing a palm-branch, with which he lightly sweeps the bell, to elicit those harmonious tones which the poet assigns to it as its most desirable attribute,

To heartfelt union shall it sound,  
And strike a holy peace around.









## NO. II.

Lo ! the mould of well-baked clay,  
 Close-immured, on earth doth stand !  
 Up ! we cast the bell to day :  
 Up ! my comrades, lay to hand.

THIS scene displays the interior of a smelting furnace, with its iron door-plates, suspended by chains, the aperture at which the crude metal is inserted, and that through which it issues when melted. Projecting a little in front is the mould, to which the master founder points, as if pronouncing the words with which this poem opens. His apprentices are busied in various preparatory works, such as modelling in wax, designing and engraving the different ornaments, reliefs, and inscriptions. The drawing of the bell is observed on a scroll of paper depending from a corner of the table on the left hand, and the master accompanies the labour of his workmen with "earnest words and gentle speech." The upper compartment of the building is decorated with a frieze, describing, in an emblematic manner, that union of poesy and science with which Schiller has treated his subject. In the centre is his bust, encircled by the Egyptian hieroglyphic of eternity, and illuminated by a star. The two lyres on the right and left, one in the shape of a swan, the other surmounted by an owl, and bearing at its base the head of Socrates, denote his character as a lyric and philosophic writer; and the garland which encompasses the medallion, composed of the Phœbean laurel and Druidical oak, points him out as the inventor of that

species of ballad, which combines the fables of Grecian mythology with the Teutonic metres, such as his "Cassandra," "The Ring of Polycrates," "The Cranes of Ibycus," &c. On the entablature to the left sits Prometheus, in a contemplative posture, bearing the torch lighted with fire from heaven: at his side is a stone, at his feet a mallet, and opposite to him a campanula, or bell-shaped flower, depending from its stalk, as if suggesting the invention on which he seems to be intent. In the corresponding angle is Minerva, her head turned towards her favourite bird. As patroness of the peaceful arts, she holds in one hand an olive branch, resting on a terrestrial globe—with the other she waves her protecting spear over the symbols of industry; the latter ingeniously represented by the petal of a flower in arabesque work, resembling the midnight lamp. This, like the figure opposite, serves to recal the lines where serious thought and meditation are recommended at the commencement of every human enterprise.

For this was man with reason gifted,  
 That he might search and understand;  
 Then most adorned, when, heaven-ward lifted,  
 The heart directs the labouring hand.









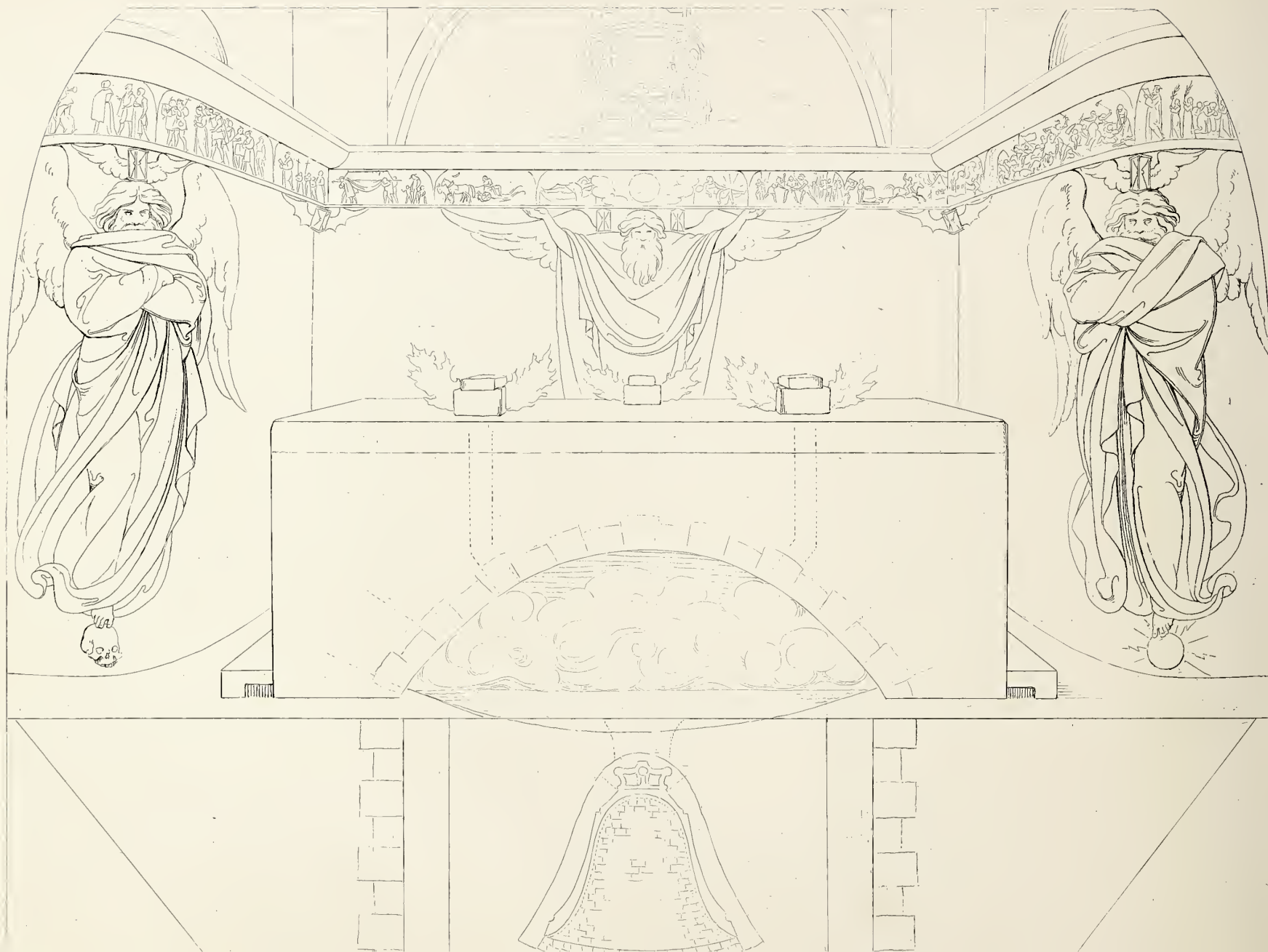
## NO. III.

Piles of seasoned pine-brands rear,  
Till the flame, through froth and foam,  
Self-concentered, sharp, and sheer,  
To the smouldering flue strikes home.

THE preparations for heating the furnace being completed, those for mixing and fusing the bell-metal now succeed. The Master Founder carefully superintends the work; and, in the discourse which attends it, connects, arranges, and distinguishes the technical process from the moral which he deduces from it. The artist, even in the form and construction of his plates, has resorted to a singular method of marking the distinction. It will be observed, that in treating this and other mechanical portions of the work he has chosen the narrow form of an oval to enclose the sketch, those of a didactic character assume the solid shape of a rectangle, while the more fanciful flights of imagination spread themselves over a surface unlimited by any line of demarcation. The present is of the first kind. This is a subtlety which, it must be confessed, would have escaped our observation, but for Mr. Retzsch's own interpretation. Some of the workmen are carrying fuel to the upper gallery, others throwing plates of tin into the lower grate: this is done at some distance, and in the attitude of running, to avoid the heat emitted from the furnace.







## NO. IV.

By dint of hand and fire-craft,  
 High above its earthy bed,  
 From the church-tower shall it waft  
 Tidings of the quick and dead.

THIS outline is of a highly imaginative character, and thus strikingly contrasted with the last. While the fire is supposed to be actively operating upon the metal in the interior, and the flames making their way through the pipes and conduits, long before the bell has assumed its shape in the mould the mind of the poet is already anticipating its various purposes, and the lofty position which it is hereafter to assume. His ear already thrills with those tones which as yet slumber in the imperfect ore, but ere long

Shall share  
 Affliction with the heart forlorn,  
 Or wake the sinful soul to prayer;

and his eye, "glancing from earth to heaven," raises the visionary structure of the very tower in which it is to be deposited. This ideal architecture, still imperfect in its construction, is already adorned with various shadowy devices, which contain in detail an epitome of the whole poem. Thus the allegory before described

as dimly floating in the air, now becomes the subject of a rich frieze, which runs round the imaginary tower. There we again recognise the figures of Peace, Discord, Mirth, and Sorrow. The cornice rests, at different intervals, on winged hour-glasses, typical of the flight of time; those in the interior angles bear the shape of bat's wings, signifying evil times, seasons of war, pestilence, and famine. The whole is supported by two colossal statues, or caryatides, with broad pinions on their shoulders; their features are marked by an expression of deep thought. These personify the Present and the Past: the former sets his foot upon the sun, the source of vital existence; the latter tramples upon the emblem of mortality.

The bust in the centre, with arms and wings extended, is the personification of the Universe, spread abroad through all space. In the pediment above is a still fainter vision, in bas-relief, of the bell itself, mounted in its belfry, and touched, on one side, by the torch of Discord; on the other, by the palm of Peace. All



this recalls to our thoughts the connection of the past, the present, and the future with the destinies of men. These again are traced in greater detail upon the frieze already mentioned. *There*, upon minute inspection, we perceive the following imagery, though still very faintly sketched: first, the entrance of an infant into life, marked by a baptismal procession; next, the prime and middle career of his existence, severally represented by a youth rising at break of day, and a ploughman returning from his labour at sunset; then the decline of life, under the form of one sleeping by the light of an expiring lamp. These peaceable delineations

of the four ages of man are forcibly contrasted by the relieves on the opposite side: first, under the image of a people in a state of insurrection; next, of a city in flames; and, lastly, of a ceremonial procession at the restoration of peace. In closer allusion to the main subject, a section of the interior of the furnace is exhibited, where we see that portion of the mould, which is called the *motherpiece*. It forms the outer, or convex side. Between this motherpiece and the concave side is an interval where the metal, when properly smelted, is hereafter to be infused.





## NO. V.

Pour the potash, ere it gush,  
Searching all, above, below.

WE return to the mechanical business of the foundery, where the master is pointing out the moment when it is necessary to refine the bell-metal by the infusion of potash, and to ascertain whether the mixture of tin, copper, and so forth, be complete. The workmen are accordingly busied in raking the dross and scoria from the mouth of the furnace, while one holds a vessel containing the potash: they are all protected from the insupportable heat, by wet sacking folded about their heads and hands. Entering by a door on the left is seen the provident housewife, or a hand-maid whom she has deputed, with refreshments for the forgers engaged in this exhausting labour.









## NO. VI.

Hark ! how the solemn peal is ringing,  
 To hail the babe, that listlessly  
 His prime of life in peace beginning,  
 Sleeps beneath the mother's eye.

HERE commences a series which unites the history of the bell with what we have denominated the underplot, namely, the different epochs and casualties of human life; magnifying and developing by degrees all those circumstances which hitherto have been only figuratively sketched in miniature, "whercof by parcels we have something heard, but nought distinctively." A procession, according to the forms of the Roman Catholic Church, at the baptism of a new-born child, is headed by the godmother,\* under whose garment he is sleeping: it moves on, under a peal of bells, towards the church, where the clerk, or sacristan, is waiting at the door. The mother, at whose side is an aged man—the patriarch of the family—is distinguished by a crucifix at her bosom; she bends her head over a bunch of flowers in her hand,

as if meditating on the frailty of life, and is followed by her husband, who seems to be calling the attention of his young relations to some moral reflection, suggested by the thorns and thistles over which they are passing. The same train of thought directs our attention to a stone cross at a little distance, which is entwined with briars, as well as roses, indicative of the mixture of pain and pleasure to which all are liable, from their first entrance into the world. It is by these means that our interest is early and mysteriously raised for the little being, still invisible, who is to be the hero of many a succeeding scene. This perfect little picture is completed by a group in the foreground, and another in the distance, of people who are gazing at the ceremony.

\* There is an allusion to this custom in Voss's Idyl of "Luise," where the Countess Amalia pays a visit to the betrothed on their wedding-day, carrying a bundle under her cloak, whereupon she is questioned in these hexameters:

Aber in aller Welt, was tragen Sie unter dem schwarzen  
 Mäntelchen? fast wie den Täufling die schmutze Gvatterin vertragt.

Which may be thus translated:

What in the world have you brought beneath your little black mantle?  
 Much like a godmother, well tricked out, with a babe to be christened.









## NO. VII.

Foul or serene, his future doom  
Lies lapped in Time's unfathomed gloom.

THE minister, presiding at the fount of baptism, contemplates the future lot of the unconscious being presented to him ; and, lifting up his eyes to a visionary cross, ruminates on all the significant emblems which seem to spring from its very root. On either side is a branch bearing half-developed flowers, and scanty fruits, interspersed with wild briars: at the extremity of one is the fabulous cockatrice, nestling among a fanciful progeny of death's-heads; of the other, the poetic swan, brooding in vain over a multitude of fair eggs, which manifest no signs of coming to maturity, and pining in literary disappointment, appears to be singing his own elegy. The only sure and ostensible produce is, on one side, Suffering; on the other, Faith. The latter, wearing a bandage over her eyes, betokens "the evidence of things not seen." Both are over-shadowed by the branch growing from the base of the cross. Yet, here and there, among the intermediate shoots, are seen blossoming—on the right, little cherubs, the

spiritual growth of seed sown in the good ground—on the left, roses, typical of pleasures planted in a worldly soil; or, still worse, tares sown by the enemy, in the shape of fiends and cacodæmons—evil thoughts, words, and works. This ideal garland extends in a parallel direction with the vision hovering over it. The winged moments of life are streaming on either side from the bosom of Eternity, each bearing its tribute of good or evil to the two urns placed at the extremities: over each of these leans its respective genius; that on the left is Patience, whose urn is engraved with a tragic mask, and encompassed with thorns and passion-flowers; on the right is heavenly Joy, whose emblems are the chernub and the rose. But the wings of Patience are symbolized by the cross. Both turn their eyes to the providential source of every dispensation. Still more plainly to mark this moral antithesis, it is observable that worldly Suffering is surmounted by spiritual Patience; and sightless Faith, by heaven-beholding Joy.









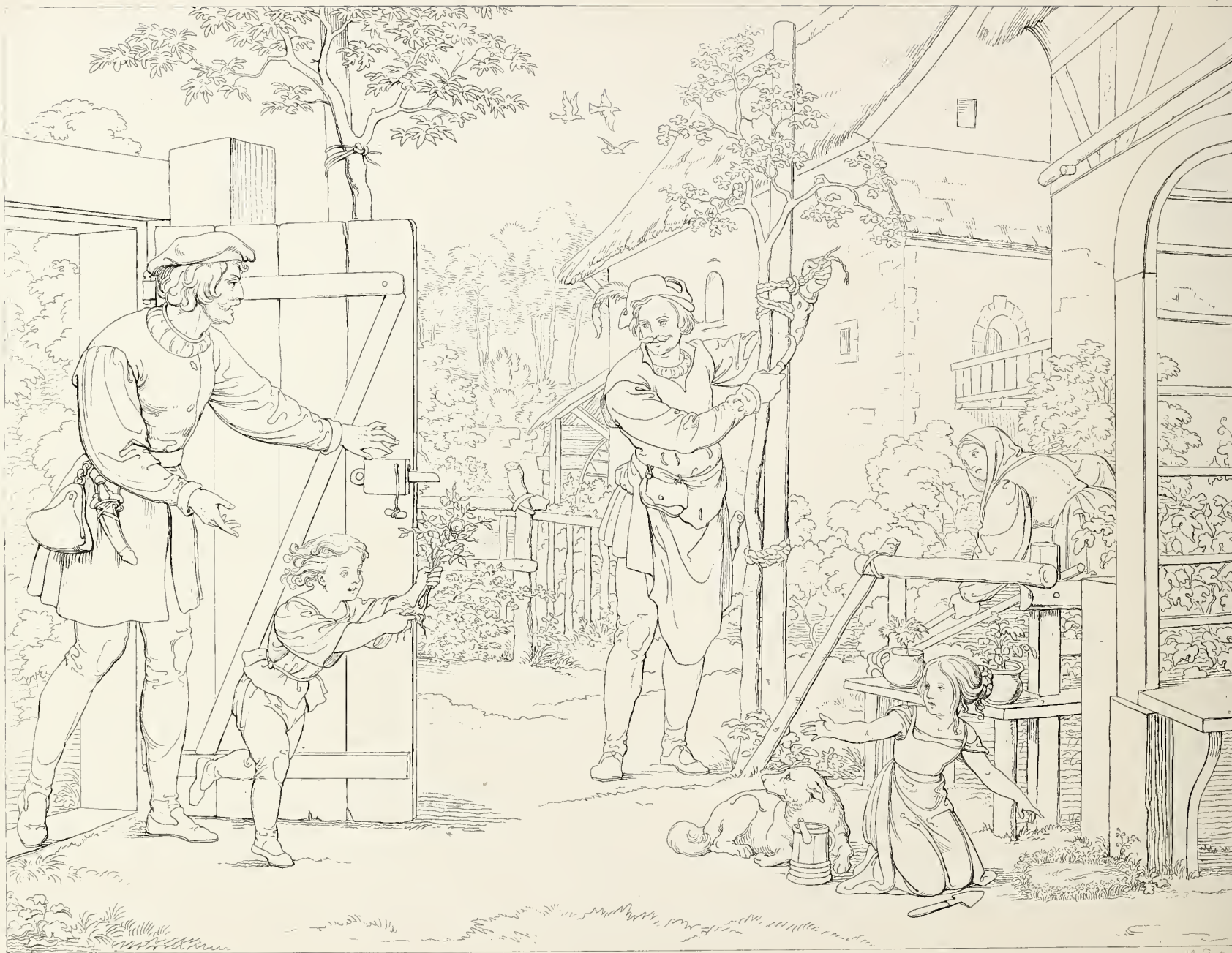
## NO. VIII.

The mother's eye,  
That, like a watch-light, ever warning,  
Beams upon his golden morning.

WHILE the happy husband, peaceably employed in cutting slips for his garden, looks with complaisance on his first-born child, the mother tenderly covers the little slumberer from the dazzling light, and protects him with her brush of feathers, from any insect that may casually disturb his rest. The scene is the interior of a house inhabited by a family in the middle class of society, to which the poet has judiciously confined the interest of his lay. The different articles of furniture and household utensils—the cage with a favourite bird, the flower-pot, and the little unpretending mirror, hung almost out of reach, to show that vanity is no inmate in their humble dwelling—are all appropriate to their character and situation in life. The general structure and arrangement of the apartment should be carefully observed; because it will be the scene of more than one future incident, and serve, at certain intervals, to point out the progress of time, by the changes it undergoes.







## NO. IX.

His years like feathered arrows fly !

WE now begin to perceive that the artist is connecting the scattered thoughts of the lyric lay into a consecutive tale. The babe whom we left slumbering in the cradle is rapidly grown to a boy of five or six years of age: he has already found a play-fellow in a little neighbour, the daughter, it seems, of a miller. She is busy in constructing a little garden, to which he is eager to contribute his offering of a rose-bush; being introduced through the well known door by his father, who appears to be a gardener. This we have already collected from the preceding number. The animation of the boy's face and attitude admirably predict that rashness of disposition which will be seen to mark his future career.

The parents of the little girl look on with interest, but without interruption of their ordinary work; and the house-dog looks up quietly at the visitors, as objects familiar to him—watching at the same time, with double vigilance, the water-vessel which he is set to guard. The garden, or outer court of the miller's house, deserves attention; nor must the young trees pass unobserved, which he is fastening to poles, for their support; because they will hereafter afford some of the means by which we shall be enabled to measure the lapse of time, when these little playfellows shall have attained the age of man and woman.









## NO. X.

From maiden play to man's employ  
Indignant starts the stripling boy.

AFTER a course of years, of which no notice is taken, the scene changes to the road which separates the dwellings of the two opposite neighbours. The miller has brought his daughter, now a little maid of about fourteen years old, to take leave of her young playmate. He is arrived at that age when the German youths of his class in life are usually sent abroad to see something of the world, and to learn the rudiments of their future trade or profession. She seizes his arm once more to detain him, and sinks weeping on her father's hand; while the young man, full of ardour and impetuosity, and smitten with the love of travel, heeds neither her tears nor the parting admonition of his parents, but bids them all a hasty farewell—little conscious of the change which a long separation will produce in his heart, when he shall return to her from whom he now parts with such indifference. She, on the other hand, has already contracted an incipient affection for him, unknown to herself, till roused by this event from its unconscious slumber to a full and lively sensibility. The pigeon which is seen flying from the dove-cote, is a fit emblem of the truant's disposition to be gone.











## NO. XI.

He grasps his staff—he roams the earth.

THE young traveller is now fairly on his journey; and having, with his characteristic eagerness, out-stripped the speed of two wayfaring men, whom chance had thrown into his company, gains the summit of a hill, whence he points with delight to the beautiful prospect before him, and the vessel at a distance, which is to transport him beyond the Rhine and the Danube, far from his fatherland. In his impatience he seems to envy the wings of the lark which is fluttering over his head: he may, however, before his travels are at an end, need the advice and assistance of companions whom he so rashly leaves behind—another trait of an impetuous disposition.







## NO. XII.

## SUPPLEMENTARY.

DURING this and the following plate we lose sight of Schiller, and are entirely indebted to his illustrator for filling up the interval between the traveller's departure and return home. The words of the poet, however, well warrant the licence which the former has taken, in assuming the duration of many years, and consequently a journey of great extent.

Accordingly, we now behold him wandering among the wilds of some northern climate.

Having lost all traces of his road across the snow, he meets a Cossack on his sledge, who, warning him of the dangers of the way he is about to take, points to a man who is attacked by wolves in the distance; while, to heighten the apparent danger, some crows in the foreground are feasting on the remains of the prey left by those ravenous beasts.











## NO. XIII.

## SUPPLEMENTARY.

ESCAPED from the perils of the north, our hero is now pursuing his journey amid the delights of a more genial sky, and appears lost in the contemplation of all the natural beauties around him. Every object within his view breathes of peace and security; and, to increase the repose of the landscape, a group of women is introduced, quietly wending their way, mounted upon mules. In the midst of this apparent safety, however, he is threatened by the most imminent danger: a robber, lurking under the covert of a rock surmounted by forest trees, in the foreground, has already armed himself with a matchlock, and is cautiously waking his comrade, who is fast asleep. To this accident, and probably to his want of dexterity in using a weapon of rare occurrence at the time, the traveller owes his escape. *See Introduction to this Analysis.*

The figures and costume of these banditti resemble those of Salvator, and mournfully remind us of the sketches of our own Mortimer, whose early death scarcely afforded time for the development of his talents, though it has not precluded the establishment of his reputation.











## NO. XIV.

A stranger to his father's hearth  
Returns.

THE poem once more suggests a motto to the picture. After a lapse of many years, during which the stripling has become a vigorous young man, he returns to the habitation of his parents, and finds them calmly seated at the very table near which, when we last visited the chamber, his cradle used to stand. (*See No. VIII.*) Time seems to have made little alteration in their household. We miss nothing but the birdcage against the window; the loss of its short-lived inmate helps a little to measure the time. Age, also, with its stealthy pace, has visibly crept upon the inhabitants of the dwelling. Deeply affected by this appearance, and the well known objects which remind him of his childhood, the young man pauses at the threshold, in an attitude of melancholy meditation. His parents, in the mean time, perplexed by the growth of his stature, in vain attempt to bring him to their remembrance: in vain the old man shades his eyes from the light of the lamp, which his wife has turned in the direction most favourable to assist her sight: suspecting, yet doubting the reality, they are both unable to identify the apparition.







## NO. XV.

## SUPPLEMENTARY.

THE son, at last unmanned by his emotion, casts aside cloak, staff, and travelling sack—falls on his knees before his mother, and covers her hand with kisses, while she hangs upon his neck weeping. The aged father, bending over the table, stretches out his arms, impatient to embrace his long-lost child. The hurry and trepidation of the scene are happily expressed by the spinning-wheel thrown to the ground, and the little earthen vessel, which was attached by a string to the distaff, dashed to pieces on the floor. Retzsch, in his note upon this number, apologizes for—what we rather acknowledge as an obligation—the liberty which he has taken with his author, in filling up the void, which he had left, with intervening incidents: for he has thus not only made us sensible of the interval which has elapsed, but at the same time greatly increased the interest, by this display of sensibility, so natural on the return of a son to the bosom of his family. It is by these, and similar touches of art—sometimes anticipating, sometimes postponing the events, and always adding some new beauty to his subject—that he proves his pencil to be well worthy of the thoughts which it portrays.









## NO. XVI.

And views, in all her charms,  
The maid that first his young heart warms.

WE now return once more to the literal text. Conducted by his anxious parents, the young man re-enters his neighbour's house, which, as a boy, he had left with so much indifference. The beautiful girl, whom he had been accustomed to look upon as a mere playmate, now stands before him like a vision heaven-born, "a maid in all her charms." His first impulse is that of veneration, implied by the involuntary motion of his hand, with which he raises his bonnet, whilst his eyes intently gaze upon the lovely apparition. She meanwhile, surprised in the very act of watering the rose-bush which she had so long cherished for his sake, and of which she now wears a blossom in her bosom, lets fall the vessel from her hand, and stands motionless, blushing, and embarrassed. We may here remark, that though no graving tool can give colour to a blush, yet, when thus handled, it falls little short of the pen in giving force to the emotions of the heart. Here, likewise, it displays its peculiar mastery in another manner, by delineating the progress of time. The tree, which in a former outline the miller was tying to a stake, has now dismissed its prop; and the little rose-bush almost aspires to the character of a tree.











## NO. XVII.

A nameless, longing, lingering glow  
Fires all his blood; he roves alone;  
Tears from his eyes unwonted flow:  
Far from his rude companions flown,  
Her steps he traces.

How beautifully is the poetic outline filled up and embellished by the engraver in delineating the progress of a virtuous passion! The vanity and waywardness of a disposition once so headstrong are now subdued into a calm and pleasing melancholy: his habits corrected, his tastes refined, and all his aspirations elevated to a nobler pitch. The time and situation too, how congenial with such a state of mind!

The crescent which illumines this beautiful little landscape, denotes the season most propitious to the reveries of a lover. With no other companion but his flute, he has escaped from follies and debaucheries which he can no longer relish, and deaf to the importunate clamour of his rude associates, fixes his eyes upon their only cynosure—the loadstar which can alone attract them: for yonder is the water-mill, yonder the little latticed window belonging to the chamber of his beloved!









## NO. XVIII.

Blest where'er  
 She greets him : field and flowery grove  
 He spoils of all that's sweet and fair,  
 Wherewith to grace his lady-love.

HITHERTO the lovers seem to have met only in the presence of others; and though they may be supposed to have improved their acquaintance, under the sanction of mutual friends, by frequent and gradual approaches to affection, yet they are still restricted by delicacy to the immediate vicinity of the paternal roof.

The maiden consents at last to the appointed assignation, but at a distance no farther than the garden door; she is followed by the old household dog, which we recognise as the favourite of her childhood. The interview, though a stolen one, serves to interest us favourably in both their characters. The impassioned look with which he presents his bouquet, the graceful modesty with which she accepts it, the hand held in sacred confidence,

the recollection of their early tastes and pursuits, by sympathy ripened into a more engrossing passion—all conspire to render them more and more amiable in our eyes. We must not overlook the minute finish of this composition, which reminds us of some of the Flemish painters: with them it is sometimes a little out of place, as for instance, the shells on the sea shore in the Hippolitus of Rubens—but here by no means so. The dog is necessary to particularize the dwelling of his young mistress, and could not have been introduced in a more natural manner: he has scented an almost microscopic little mouse, which is timidly crouching among the weeds in the corner. The masterly pencil of Landseer himself—with all the advantage of his lively tints—could not have surpassed the expression given to either animal by the colourless touch of our admirable engraver.









## NO. XIX.

Ah! tender hope! Ah! dear delusion!  
 First love! life's golden age of dreams!

LEST we should apprehend any but the holiest feeling of affection to be conveyed in these emphatic words, or fear, like the cautious Magician in the play,

Lest too light wooing  
 Make the prize light,

the judicious artist has directed the eyes of his lovers heavenward, to the contemplation of the glories of the starry firmament. They have wandered alone, and far from human observation, but always accompanied by a sacred reliance on the principles of each other, and that sense of religion which true love never fails to inspire. They are surrounded by all the bountiful gifts of providence, and contemplate them in one of their most captivating forms, with hearts elevated and softened by the purest affection.

This moonlight scene, coupled with the group before us, brings to our recollection a picture drawn by that inimitable master who has left no trait of nature untouched—no chord of the human heart unthrilled:

Look how the floor of heaven  
 Is thick inlaid with pattens of bright gold!  
 There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.









## NO. XX.

Oh ! that young love's sweet primrose tide  
Might ever fresh and fair abide !

It is not only to the expressive grouping of the happy pair, now plighting their faith by a holy kiss, in pledge of approaching union, that we are to look for interpretation of these words: our illustrator once more assumes the character of the mystagogue, or interpreter of mysterious emblems, more significantly to impress the poet's meaning on the classic mind.

The lovers must be supposed to have wandered to an alcove constructed on the grounds of some tasteful and opulent proprietor, who, among other embellishments, has not forgotten the one most indispensable—a lover's seat. The statues of Cupid and Psyche are placed upon pedestals apart from each other, in allusion to the evanescent nature of a passion, like every other human emotion, liable to fluctuation, and, however lively, doomed to final extinction.

This is farther implied by the well-known period in the history of the deities themselves—as recorded by Apuleius—that of their separation. Cupid, in the moment of departure, points with his bow to a pair of fluttering, short-lived butterflies, which remind us of the name and attributes of Psyche; while she, with an expression of remonstrance, “her wrapt soul sitting in her eyes,” recalls the exclamation of the poet, quoted in our motto. In the floral tracery which adorns the alcove, immediately over the lovers' heads, are seen two little genii emerging from the bells of opposite flowers, and embracing with a tenderness that would do honour to the conceptions of a Darwin. The early rose is shedding its leaves at the feet of the fugitive god, while the wanton ivy clings about him, as if desirous to arrest his flight. But at the base of Psyche's statue the butterfly, which typifies the soul, still sips, from some more pereunial flower, the nectar of imperishable love.









## NO. XXI.

See! the glowing pipes grow brown :  
Probe the metal to the core.

WHILE the Master Founder has been descanting on the various topics through which we have ranged, the work proceeds. He holds in his hand the little iron rod with which it is necessary, from time to time, to ascertain the state of the mixed metals. One of his most experienced workmen presents a portion of it upon a forceps for his inspection; the rest look on with an expression of intelligence, mixed with deference to his judgment. The inquisitive look of the young apprentice, bending over the block of wood, is well contrasted with the steady observation of the elder journeyman, who leans quietly upon his iron ladle. A boy is carrying fresh fuel to the furnace, to show that the expected crisis is still in suspense. At this anxious moment the refreshments remain still untouched upon the table. It is scarcely necessary to point out that the artist refrains from all figurative illustration during these technical operations, and the boundary of the outline reassumes its *oval* form.









## NO. XXII.

Fluttering in the young bride's tresses  
 Sweet the virgin-blossoms play,  
 When the merry church-bell blesses  
 Wedded love's bright holiday.

WE return to the future destinies of the bell, as connected with those of mankind. Having already in imagination listened to its first chime, at the baptism of a new-born babe, we now see, by its inclination, and the force with which the clapper swings, that a merry peal is ringing for a wedding. This wedding is ingeniously made applicable to the young couple for whom our interest has been raised. The bride and bridegroom are distinguished by the garlands on their heads: the latter leads the procession, preceded by a band of music, which ceases as they approach the churchdoor: he looks behind him, with impatience on the object of his affection; while she, hand in hand with her mother, "passes on, in maiden meditation fancy free." The matron's time of life is distinguished from that of her daughter rather by a somewhat broader contour than by any visible lines of age; for time lays a lenient hand on those who live in contentment and peace of mind. The wedding garments contrast agreeably with the coarse attire of the peasants who are looking on: and the objects along the line of procession gradually diminish, from the foreground to the distance, in perfect perspective.







## NO. XXIII.

And man must go forth  
 On the race he is running,  
 By wit or by worth,  
 By force or by cunning,  
 Must plant and must gather,  
 Must strive and importune,  
 And grapple and grasp  
 And make prisoner of fortune.

WITH reference to the outlines, this passage might, perhaps, rather have been translated

The husband must forth, &c.

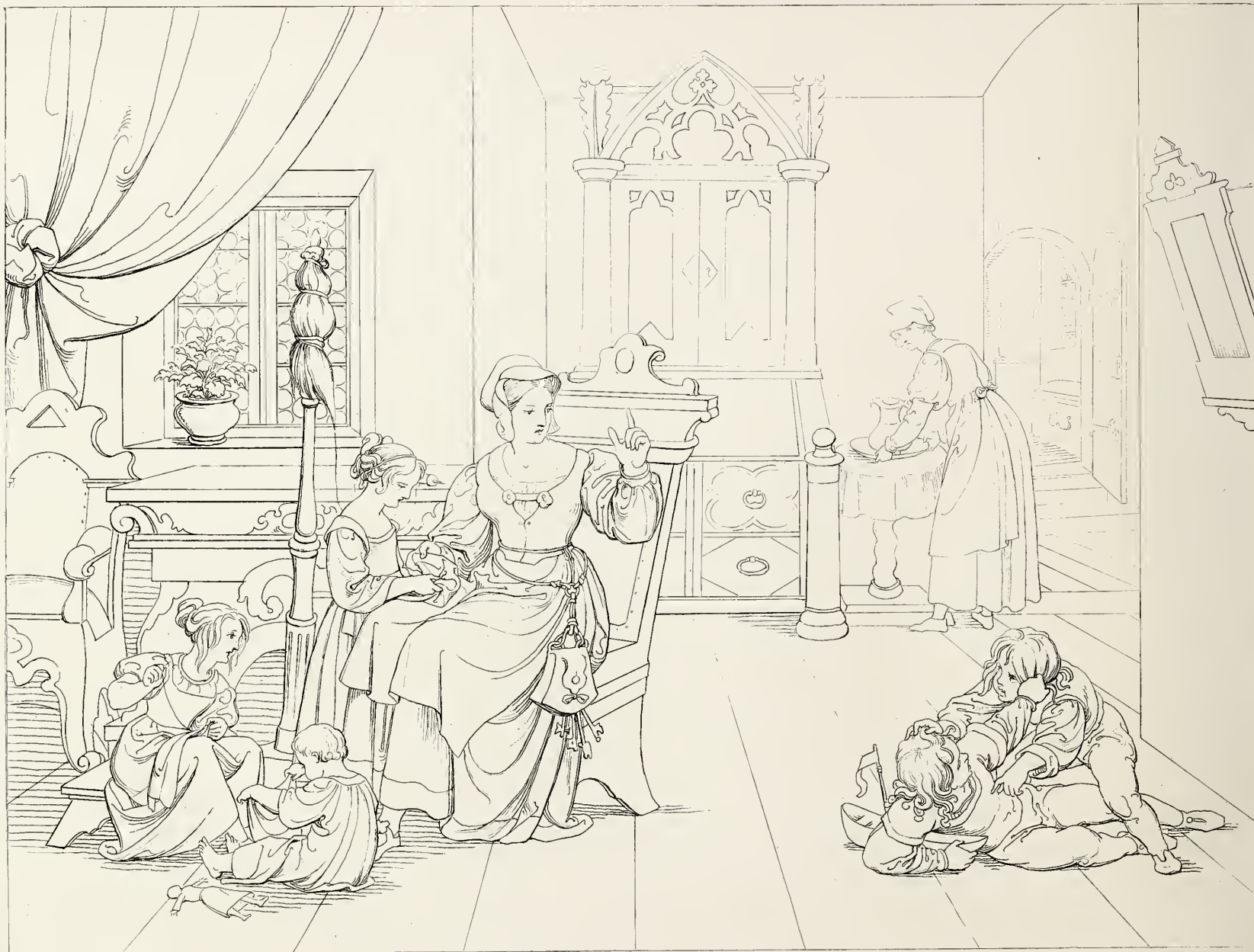
and this is a fit exemplification of one of the methods by which Mr. Retzsch contrives to identify his *definite* characters with their originals, which are *indefinite*. Our hero thus becomes the subject of all those toils and tribulations of active life which are so eloquently described by Schiller. Some of them have been already enumerated in the dangers and difficulties to which he was exposed in his first travels; they are now to be continued, during his separation from his family, in the character of a husband

and father, pursuing his fortunes abroad. We shall presently witness the result of his speculations. Meanwhile, how beautifully is the story told! how exactly are the unities observed! and this entirely by the artificial invention alluded to. The poem suggests nothing of the tenderness with which the departing traveller encircles his wife and youngest child in one embrace; nothing of the hereditary impatience with which the eldest boy breaks from his nurse, in admiration of the fiery steed which his father is about to bestride; nor the timidity of his little sister, who is deterred from approaching by the same cause. The flight of doves hovering over the horse's head indicates, in the artist's favourite manner, the distance which is to separate the adventurer from his happy home.









## NO. XXIV.

With prudence she governs,  
 And orders, and aids,  
 Exhorts or upbraids,  
 Rebuking the boys,  
 And instructing the maids.

THE interval between the departure and return of the man of business is artfully supplied by this touching description of the interior of his establishment during his absence: it anticipates some passages of the poem, and keeps back others, which else would have succeeded too rapidly; just as in dramatic representation a greater degree of probability is often effected by the interposition of a scene, which protracts the time and suspends the interest. In this pause of action, a few slight lines place before us all the economical details connected with a German matron of the middle class. She is seated at her spinning-wheel, carefully instructing her eldest girl—no longer under the tuition of a nurse—when her attention is suddenly called to the little urchins who are quarrelling on the floor. She holds up her finger to admonish them; while the youngest, who is uppermost, directs

his eyes towards her, and, pointing to a toy which his brother has seized, seems to justify his own quarrel. This turbulent group is well balanced by that in the opposite corner, where the two younger children are peaceably playing together: the little girl is alarmed at the noise, but the baby perseveres in preparing a bed for his doll.

The spacious and airy apartment; the housemaid busied in its arrangement; the furniture substantial but elegant, where “the sweet-scented coffers and cabinets,” containing her stores, are not forgot; and even the flower-pot at the window, still cherishing an off-set of the favourite rose-bush—all conspire to manifest her harmless tastes and virtuous inclinations.









## NO. XXV.

Now flows the full spring-tide  
 Of wealth without measure ;  
 His garners are warped  
 By the weight of his treasure.

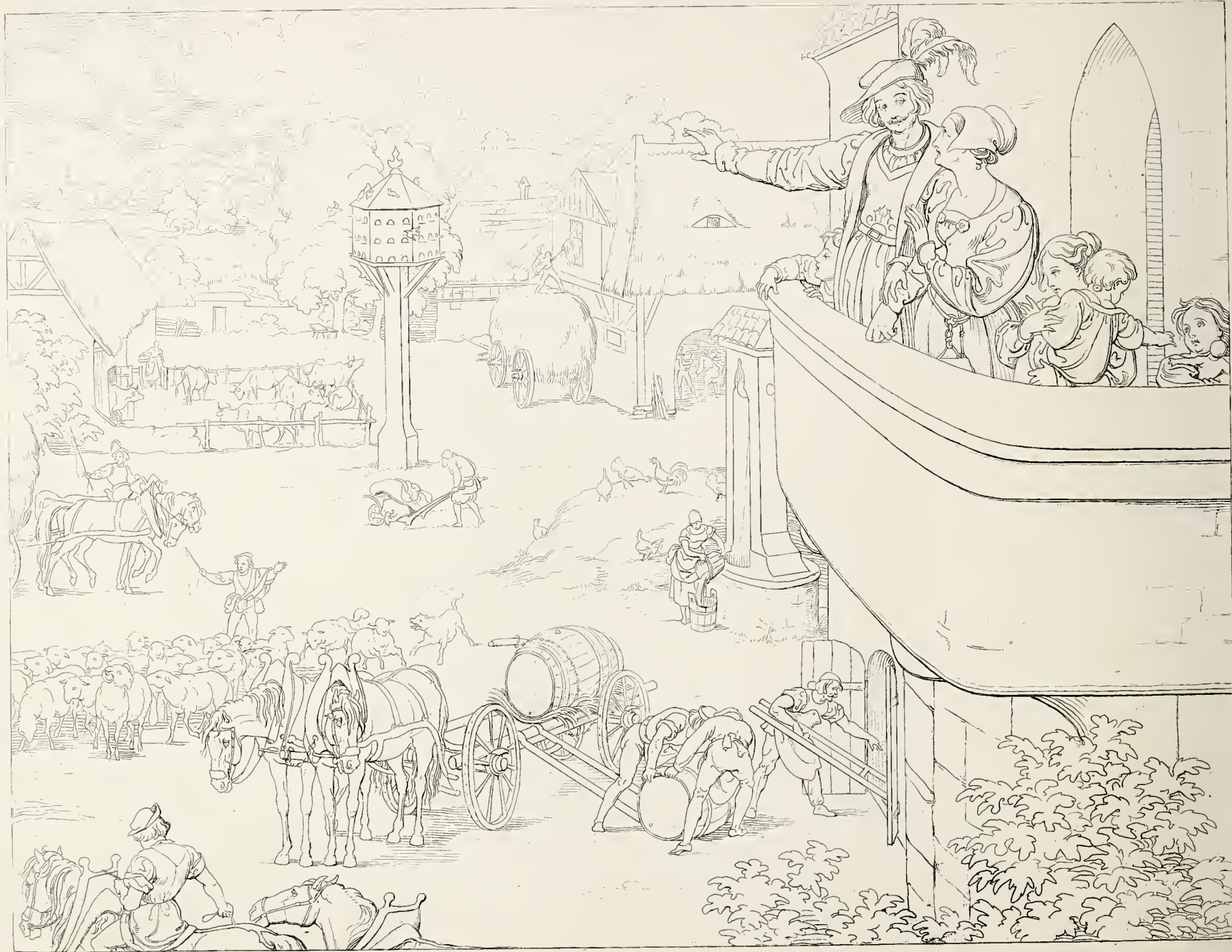
THE uniform tenor of his affairs at home, under the management of a prudent housewife, offers little interest beyond the minutiae of a prosperous and well-regulated menage, and furnishes no index by which we can measure the continuance of his travels. In due time he reappears, after having acquired wealth by his foreign adventures, and is now superintending his farms and merchandise at home. His mansion has increased with his fortune: his warehouses swell with the product of every quarter of the globe. Some of his bales remain unpacked in a large waggon, which occupies a prominent place in the foreground, and is guarded by a mastiff seated in a sort of boot in front—a companion indispensable to

every German carrier. Some lighter vehicles are traversing the yard in different directions. Every thing about him bears the appearance of activity: even his favourite spaniel seems to take part in the general bustle—while he himself looks on with an air of authority, and sits his well-appointed steed with the haughtiness of a man too confident in his own importance, and liable to be elevated above measure by the smiles of fortune. His wife is seen at a distance, less ostentatiously employed, among her children and domestics; and it will be observed hereafter how well this contrast of character is sustained.









## NO. XXVI.

And he boasts in the pride of his heart, "Behold !  
" Yonder my house and land—  
" Firm as the earth they stand,  
" Glittering in glory and treasure untold."

FROM a lofty balcony, which commands an extensive view of his estate, the wealthy merchant now exhibits to his assembled family the magnitude of his possessions: elevated at the sight to an undue pitch of presumption, he points, as if in defiance, at the tempest already lowering in the horizon; and, turning to his wife, appears to be giving vent to the above irreverent expression of confidence in his own security. She, on the contrary, struck with foreboding fears, gently takes his arm, and, with a look of awful expostulation, warns him against the consequences of his presumption. The elder children—such is the perilous influence of example—seem interested in the display of their father's importance, but the two youngest are only intent upon their childish play.









## NO. XXVII.

Vain man! for no mortal may hold  
 A bond everlasting of fortune! for wide,  
 And sudden, and swift is the stride  
 Of Adversity, trampling on Power and Pride.

THE Genius of Adversity—a bold personification of Almighty vengeance—is represented traversing with gigantic stride the regions of air, and directing the tempest. An attendant fiend looks down with malignant joy upon the destruction which has alighted on the vain-glorious man, who, trusting to the multitude of his riches, had defied the coming storm.

A comet, with a fiery eye and train—assuming the form of an animated being—precedes the whirlwind, whose violence is visible in every object around. An eagle, frightened from his aërie on the rock, seeks shelter in the valley below. There all is ruin and

desolation. We recognise the boasted mansion a prey to the flames—the unhappy proprietor flying in dismay—his chariot and horses struck by a thunderbolt—his plantations uprooted—his lands laid waste—and all the vaunted works of his hand overwhelmed by fire and flood; all reminding us of the words of our poet, bold as any of the metaphors of Æschylus, (*See note on this passage,*)

All the elements, arrayed  
 In mortal enmity, have laid  
 Under their most immitigable ban  
 The triumphs of the mind of man,  
 The marvels of his hand.







## NO. XXVIII.

Hold! the well-grained metal shows,  
Cleft in twain, a sample fair;  
Yet, ere forth the torrent flows,  
Bow with me in solemn prayer.

ARRIVED at the critical moment, when the metal, now in a perfect state of fusion, is to be admitted from the upper to the lower chamber of the furnace, to fill the mould, an operation of great nicety and danger, the pious master invites his workmen to prayer.

The artist, faithful to national character, and skilful in the disposition of his groups, here exhibits a picture worthy of his own reputation, and just to the religious feeling of his countrymen.  
*See Preface.*









## NO. XXIX.

All is hurry, fear, and flight—  
 Noonday blaze usurps the night.  
 Down the chain,  
 From hand to hand,  
 Flies the bucket, and amain  
 Hisses on the burning brand.

THE removal of the stopple, which has disengaged the metal, now in a state of fiery fusion, and sent it arching through the orifice at the upper part of the furnace into the space left vacant between the core and the motherpiece, naturally suggests the powerful agency of fire. This leads to the poet's animated description of a city in flames, of which the artist avails himself, as usual, by connecting the individuals with whom he has peopled his narrative, in the general conflagration and the ruin which ensues. Nor is the bell forgotten, which once more acts its appropriate part, in calling together the inhabitants to assist in subduing the fire. The commotion here represented by a multiplicity of intricate objects—a whole population suddenly roused into action, running and driving from various quarters to the same point—composes a picture which required, and has found, a masterly hand. Though all is in confusion, nothing is indistinct. A pleasing effect is produced by the three men in the foreground carrying a ladder, on whose heads we look down from

an eminence. This long line, forming acute angles with several which run parallel to each other, and cut the picture into sundry compartments, directs the eye along them towards the objects, in a variety of attitudes and employments, on the middle and distant ground. There we see fire-men plying their engines, or hurrying with their buckets; men, women, children, and cattle, all in helpless consternation, conspire to render this one of the most remarkable drawings of the whole series. The dispersion of the groups in so many different directions, the difficult fore-shortening of those brought into a point-blank view, and the superficial length of ground, which allows so little room for aerial perspective, put us in mind of many of the pictures of Bassan.

Not to fatigue the spectator with too frequent occurrence of the same portraits, the principal persons are, as it were, lost in the crowd, and reserved for more prominent situations hereafter.









## NO. XXX.

The living objects of his love  
He counts, and blesses Him above  
His dearest wealth is spared.

REDUCED to ruin by the destruction of his property, the father collects his family, with difficulty saved from the flames, around the scanty remnant of his effects. He anxiously counts them, and finding none missing, looks up to heaven with gratitude for their preservation. The mother, harrassed and fatigued by sorrow and exertion, conceals her own sufferings to comfort her husband and offspring; one hand she extends to the eldest girl, who clings exhausted to her father's side, with the other she supports the babe slumbering on her lap. The eldest boy grasps his father's hand for protection, and looks back with curiosity upon sights to which he is so unaccustomed; while his little brother still feels no interest beyond his toy, a mimic steed, which he is chastising, as if in

allusion to that ancient incendiary, the wooden horse of Troy. But the younger girl deserves all attention: she appears to be about eight years old, and is remarkable for one of those countenances which manifest a deep and precocious sensibility, the source of intense misery or joy to those who possess it, and little enviable, on either occasion, or at any time, unless regulated by attentive discipline. The object of her present childish sorrow is the loss of her favourite, the domestic kitten, upon whose carcase her eyes are fixed in profound affliction. If she lives, what will be her sympathy with objects of more rational concern? It will presently appear with what cause our interest is so pointedly engaged for the fate of that lovely child.









## NO. XXXI.

In the dark lap of mother earth  
 His handiwork the craftsman lays.  
 The Sower sows his seed, and prays  
 For blessing, which to second birth  
 The embryo plant may raise.

THIS is one of those fine transitions—"tenues parvi discriminis umbræ"—which have been alluded to in the Introduction to this Analysis. The connecting link of the chain, by which this portion is united with the whole may be thus investigated. The bell having now assumed its shape in the mould, remains for a time buried in the pit which was dug for its reception, and is hereafter to be raised to a more elevated station, like a vegetable seed sown in the ground, but afterwards to spring into a flower. That seed, again, resembles another, and a far more precious one—the human body, which is "sown in corruption," to be "raised in incorruption." The analogy becomes still closer when we are reminded by the poet,

Ere it rise, th' unmantled bell  
 Must cast off its shattered shell.

That is, we must "shuffle off this mortal coil," just as the mould is broken away from the metal before it can be elevated from the ground. With this key we may proceed to the survey of the objects before us. In the foreground is the sower; in the middle space, on each side, are ploughmen, raising furrows for the reception of the seed; the attention of him on the right side is called

to what is going on in the distance, and there we find the *antitype*. The bell tolls for a funeral; the gate of the cemetery stands open to receive a procession of mourners, who are about to commit to the earth "the seed sown in corruption." By the help of this analysis we now discover, that what at first sight appeared to be irrelevant, is, nevertheless, perfectly reconcilable to the main design; that the tints which are scattered over the canvas are not out of keeping, but reflect and harmonize with each other, like the colours of the rainbow, by such imperceptible degrees, that though they elude the eye at the point where they blend together, yet at their extremities are well defined, weaving, as it were, an uninterrupted tissue, at once variegated, luminous, and distinct,

Qualis ab imbre solet percussus solibus areus  
 Inficere ingenti longum curvamine cælum;  
 In quo diversi niteant eum mille colores,  
 Transitus ipse tamen spectantia lumina fallit,  
 Usque adeo quod tangit idem est, tamen ultima distant.

To mark the season of the year, in allusion to the autumn of human life, a tree is shedding "the sere, the yellow leaf," which strews the ground in the direction of that sad array.











## NO. XXXII.

Ah ! 'tis she ! The mother dear  
 Sleeps upon her sable bier !  
 'Tis the tender consort, torn  
 From her husband's arms forlorn ;  
 From the lovely brood she bare,  
 On her bosom flowering fair.

THE metaphor drawn from the burial and resurrection of the dead, suggested by the sower, nicely rivets the chain by which the bell is once more attached through its offices to the lot of man. It is now tolling for a funeral. The same melancholy train which was lately seen indistinctly winding in the distance, now prominently occupies the foreground of the picture; but how much more is our interest raised when we find that "the pilgrim on the latest way" is no other than the careful housewife—the tender mother whom we have admired and loved so long ! She has apparently sunk under accumulated misfortunes—the ruin of her husband, perhaps the loss of some of her children—to an untimely grave. The church service concluded, the coffin is borne to the burial-ground, followed by the widower and his motherless offspring. Among them we miss the little girl whose melancholy features we have already noticed (*see* No. XXX.); and it would seem, by a circumstance which will hereafter occur, that the artist, ever attentive to the progressive interest of his tale, has aggravated the distress of the present scene by the loss of a favourite child, whom we may suppose to have fallen a victim to a nervous temperament, and thus, perhaps, accelerated the death of her mother. But the most striking object is the chief mourner: his hat drawn deep

over his forehead, his eyes rivetted to the ground, heedless of all the anxious faces which are turned towards him—we can scarcely trace, through the deep indented furrows of grief and premature old age, a single feature of the man whom we lately saw, in all the pride and vanity of wealth, defying every reverse of fortune. Far different are his thoughts now: ruminating on his former impiety, to which he ascribes his present loss, the bitterest of all, and calling to mind the destitution of his little ones, he may be imagined to give vent to his remorse in the words of Mac Duff,

My children too !  
 They were all struck for thee—  
 Nought that I am !  
 Not for their own demerits, but for mine.

The path over which the funeral moves winds among gravestones, in different stages of decay, towards the open grave in the distance; where, to keep up the typical allusion, the sower and the ploughman are still visible. The horizon is closed by the setting sun, which casts a glory round the crucifix elevated in front of the bier, illuminating the whole picture, and reminding us that death is swallowed up in the victory of the cross.







## NO. XXXIII.

Cheerly through the green-wood now  
 His homeward path the traveller holds;  
 And to their wonted stalls and folds  
 Sleek bees, with broad and open brow,  
 And bleating weanlings throng.

ONE episode succeeds another. This and the three following plates present various objects in different situations, descriptive of the close of an autumnal day. The idea by which these descriptions are combined with the general subject is this: the Master Founder, still discoursing with his labourers, tells them, that whilst the bell, now completed in the mould, must be allowed time to cool before it can be disengaged, evening is already come. He exhorts his young men to enjoy the interval in some wholesome relaxation, or in attendance at evening prayer. He himself, however, remains behind, and pursues awhile his meditations alone. The picture before us forms part of his soliloquy, and affords opportunity for the display of great skill

in producing a rural scene, highly characteristic of the country where it is laid. The cattle returning from their pasture on the common lands belonging to some close or fortified town, is collected together in numbers, so naturally grouped, and so correctly delineated, that they compose altogether a pajsage worthy of a Berghem or a Paul Potter. (*See Preface.*) It needs no comment to enhance the beauty of this picture, unless to remark the anxiety with which the main object is always kept in view. In the small section of a church-tower on the right we observe a bell ringing for vespers. This memento is repeated in the three successive outlines.









## NO. XXXIV.

Beneath its embrous load of grain  
 Heavily reels the creaking wain,  
 Whose sheaves, with motley garlands crowned,  
 The jocund reapers dance around,  
 And hail with harvest-song.

THE celebration of harvest-home affords little or no opportunity for the display of any picturesque novelty; the general character of rural mirth is common to all countries in every age: or if any distinctive features exist, they are to be traced to the intellectual, rather than the moral habits of a people, and develop themselves more or less in instinctive tastes and popular costumes. Both are here remarkable: the braided hair and bodices of the German women, and the jaunty caps and jackets of the men are not more characteristic of their personal appearance, than their passion for music and dancing is of their national propensities.

The less graceful traits of conviviality are, much to the credit of the artist, rather qualified than caricatured—softened by distance, or altogether banished from the scene. We have little of the coarseness of Teniers, and nothing of the grimace of Hogarth or Ostade. Far be it from us to disparage either of these great masters, and least of all our own inimitable countryman, but grace, the especial attribute of Retzsch, belongs not to *them*. Here the cup and flagon, though liberally plied, are unattended with riot; the maiden holding the garland is pledged by the rustic landlord at a

becoming distance; and the tobacco pipe—so well is the chronology chosen—kept altogether out of view. (*See Introduction to the Analysis.*) But the band of music occupies, as it ought to do, a conspicuous place, and might, with equal propriety, have harmonized with a chorus of voices singing in parts, as accurately as at a studied concert in our country; here, however, it is confined to the accompaniment of a waltz, not indeed without exciting some disposition to gallantry of rather a boisterous kind: it is, however, happily contrasted by the sober, though lively deportment of the rest of the assembly. The execution of this outline is not inferior to its conception. On a superficial plane of about sixty-three inches, representing a perspective area of perhaps as many furlongs in circumference, room has been found for no less than fourteen distinct groups, in a great variety of attitudes, all nearly in contact with each other, yet perfectly well defined. This observation applies equally to many of the previous as well as subsequent numbers—a proof of masterly drawing; while the frequent intervention of quieter subjects shows no less skill in the ceaseless production of contrast and variety.









## NO. XXXV.

Street and market-cross grow still;  
 And, jarring on its hinges shrill,  
 The city-gate is heard to close;  
 And where yon social taper glows  
 The calm home-dwellers meet.

THE description of evening is now varied, by shifting the scene to the interior of a city—not such as we islanders are accustomed to, who, happily less exposed to the terror of invasion, inhabit open towns, villages, or country mansions—but such as presents objects strange to all but our continental travellers.

A broad open space, generally in the centre of some principal street, and ornamented by a statue or fountain, is surrounded by handsome buildings; the town-hall, and several churches, with here and there the image of a saint, are the most conspicuous: all is still: no signs of activity apparent, except in the orderly preparations for the approach of night. The watchman, with his

dog and horn, on one side, and the night patrol on the other, are beginning their respective rounds: a sentinel mounts guard at the gate, which is flanked by turrets in the wall, and which the porter is about to bar. The shutters are fastened, far and near; and through a window, which an apprentice lad is in the act of closing, we observe a family party, conversing sociably by candle-light.

In the foreground is an old physician on his way to a patient, cautiously conducted by his *famulus*, as he is called, that is, domestic, companion, and medical assistant, all in one: he holds a lantern before his master, and by his trustworthy appearance seems to justify the confidence with which he is honoured.









## NO. XXXVI.

Gentle Peace ! sweet Harmony !  
 O be this your sanctuary !  
 Hover, hover o'er this town !  
 Trampling march, or martial sally,  
 Ne'er invade this tranquil valley.

THESE words are the commencement of an eloquent and affecting invocation, doubtless suggested to the poet no less by his own experience of the horrors of war than by the train of ideas more immediately flowing from the present subject. He had been contemplating the blessings of a peaceful evening in a well-ordered city, and his reverence for the civil institutions of his country breaks out into this apostrophe, which he puts into the mouth of his Master Founder while meditating over his labours in the cool of the evening. *Here*, however, the soliloquy is transferred to another speaker, a creature of our artist's own imagination. He figures to himself a hermit, the inhabitant of a cell on the summit of a mountain which overlooks the town and valley before us, as if alarmed by an ominous dream, throwing himself upon his knees, and with outstretched arms invoking the spirit of peace, whose flight he seems to deprecate. The introduction of this new interlocutor forms another episode, foreign to the subject-matter of the poem itself, yet exceedingly appropriate and accessory to its graphic illustration. To elevate the importance of this personage, he is made a prophet as well as an anchorite, realizing the romantic wish of our great epic poet,

May my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell  
 Of every star that heaven doth show,  
 And every herb that sips the dew ;  
 Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.

This we collect from the hideous vision hovering over his head, of armies in the air, skeletons mounted upon antediluvian monsters, lighted by the torch of Allecto, and led on by the pale horse of the Apocalypse. An angel bearing the palm of peace flies before them, and casting a pitiful look upon the earth, seems to take a long farewell. The general contour and drapery of the principal figure remind us of some of Caravaggio's old men, particularly in the ill-favoured delineation of age, with a minuteness visible in the turgid veins of the hands, and the knotty joints of the fingers—effects well contrasted with the angelic figure which, in grace, airiness, and beauty resembles the drawings of Raphael.











## NO. XXXVII.

Woe to the land in whose still breast  
 Sedition feeds the lurking flames;  
 Where, by no rule of right repress,  
 The people self-dominion claims.

A PLOT against the government, now ripe for explosion, justifies the apprehensions of the hermit, and forcibly and fearfully does the artist embody the hideous thought of rebellion in human shapes and features of the coarsest and most ferocious cast. The conspirators are assembled in a vault or cellar, for the better concealment of their treason. One of their demagogues mounts the table to harangue his confederates, and grasping his weapon, points to the equestrian statue of a king, which is seen at a distance through the grated window. A still more desperate ruffian opposite to him, vociferously responds to this appeal by holding up his dagger, and giving vent to a torrent of execrations; another seated at his feet, turns towards him with an air of encouragement, and insolently tramples upon a royal edict. The rest show their zeal by rudely seizing the arms which are brought in, and seem as if swearing to devote their lives to the conspiracy. It

is observable that no fire-arms are introduced. (*See Introduction to the Analysis.*) The general expression of this picture is reckless cruelty, and insensate clamour, which here and there, however, is relieved by the presence of some aged persons of a graver character, whose thoughtful countenances betray doubt and misgiving. But the chief figure is very remarkable. To the brutal expression of his face and figure—a mixture of malignity and low cunning—is added an idiotical squint, as if to convey a censure upon that blind and degrading infatuation which subjects a mighty people to the control of the lowest and most ignorant agitators. His whole figure is a personification of jacobinism, a villainous compound of the radical and the earmagnol,

Condorcet filtered through the dregs of Payne.







## NO. XXXVIII.

Then, fiercely swung with frenzied hand,  
 To arms the peace-devoted bell  
 Sounds an alarm, and frights the land,  
 Ill tuned to war's discordant yell.

THE threatened insurrection has at last broken out in all the violence of a sanguinary massacre. The scene of this catastrophe is the open place in front of the town-hall: part of the mob is employed in hurling a kingly statue from its pedestal, part in desecrating the churches, and murdering the priests; the state officers and magistrates, surprised at their different departments, are made prisoners, thrown from the windows, or seen making their escape over the roofs of houses; some, having taken arms, are beat down and assassinated, together with the municipal guard; others are poignarded by infuriated women, or hang suspended to the lamp-posts. There is no appearance of fire-arms on either side. At a distance on the left, a company of spearmen is sallying through the gateway of the arsenal, and immediately under is a man armed with a cross-bow. (*See Introduction to the Analysis.*) A flight of carrion crows has displaced the peaceable stork, and settling on the gables and pinnacles of the houses, clamour for their expected prey. To comprise all this variety of incidents, the point of sight has been necessarily taken from a very elevated position; this creates the

unpleasing effect of looking down upon objects fore-shortened, and diminished to an almost insignificant size. This, as Mr. Retzsch tells us, is done intentionally, to avoid fatiguing his spectators by a repetition of plates, which would otherwise have been necessary for the development of his subject.

The expedient answers the purpose in view: but we are far less grateful to the distinguished artist for his consideration of our patience than we should have been by the exercise of his more legitimate skill, had he thought fit to multiply specimens, of which we are never tired. What an opportunity would it have afforded for the display of his fine architectural drawing, had he given us the façade, instead of the roof, of his ancient town-hall! And how much more should we have been delighted by the marked expression of larger masses, than by the somewhat map-like effect of so many diminutive lines scattered over so large a surface! An attempt of this kind has been made by a very deserving and popular English painter, in treating subjects of a like comprehensive nature, which,



however admirable for their manual execution, appear to have been conceived on mistaken principles of art. It is like applying to the eye the diminishing instead of the magnifying lens of a telescope, and the result is, a representation of *space* and *atmosphere*, rather than of the *action* meant to be described—a *portrait of infinity*.

The greatest masters have exactly reversed this principle. Raphael, for example, in his Cartoons, limits his subject to the unity of some particular action, and then represents it generally by one or more commanding groups, with the predominant figure placed in some conspicuous point of view; to these groups he allots the largest portion, perhaps two-thirds of the whole picture, compressing all the collateral details into a very moderate compass. Suppose him, on the contrary, to have treated such a subject as Paul preaching at Athens, on a scale of perspective infinitely disproportioned to

the room occupied by the action, what would the consequence have been? An interminable view of Attica, taken perhaps from the summit of the Acropolis, looking down upon the Hill of Mars, with all its temples, monuments, and statues; including the apostle and his disciples, dwindled into pigmies—beyond which we should have had a chart of the Archipelago, with its islands in the distance, and the intermediate space dotted with little models of the Munychia and the Piræus,

The fishermen

Like mice, and the tall anchoring bark,  
Diminished to her cock, her cock a buoy.

But we have travelled beyond our limits, and must contract our own horizon.





## NO. XXXIX.

Ply the pulley, stretch the rope,  
And to the realms of vocal air  
Heave we the bell!

THE work, now completed, issues, as the poet says, like a metallic kernel from its shell, or a planet from the coil of parting clouds, to feed the eye and glad the heart of all beholders. The master, ever assiduous at his business, is now carefully directing the labourers above, who have fastened the bell to the crane by which it is to be hoisted to the belfry: one of them is ascending the ladder to bear his orders to the rest.

The groups on either side consist of notable persons, who are admitted to a nearer view of this masterpiece of his art. They are of different degrees. On the right of the picture is a prince or nobleman, the patron of the district, with his family; on the left, the burgomaster and other city officers. This denotes the importance of the spectacle; while the multitude may be supposed to be waiting without, impatient for a sight to be hailed with universal acclamation. Meantime we have now leisure to examine

more closely the various decorations, most of which have already been emblematically sketched, as images floating in the poet's mind, and are now exhibited in reality. In addition to these a segment of the shield, bearing the civic arms, is presented to view; and the motto which Schiller has prefixed to his poem runs round the circumference—"Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulmina frango," a monastic rhyme, which may be thus almost literally translated—

I call the quick; the dead bewail;  
And the dread lightning countervail.

The ornamental loop at the top of the bell, by which it is hooked to the pulley, is technically called the *ear*, in German the *helmet*. The foreground is skilfully broken by the scattered fragments of the mould, a portion of the scaffolding, and the tools, which lie in disorder.









## NO. XL.

Joy to this city! peace and weal!  
Be this its first and foremost peal.

SUCH is the concluding wish of the lay; and what a multitude of images have these few words conjured up!

As thick and numberless  
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams.

Thus we are once more hurried from scene to scene, in medias res haud secus ac notas, and unexpectedly made spectators of a popular solemnity, the cause of which is not immediately obvious. But, if we compare this holiday appearance with the uproar lately described, we begin to perceive the connection of one with the other. The delusion of the public mind has past away, and order now succeeds to anarchy. The latter was amply suggested by the poet—the former left to futurity, a thing still to be prayed for. Schiller wrote in the midst of the revolutionary war; his illustrator happily pursues the sequel to an epoch of profound peace, and thus anticipating the words which seasonably closed the subject, as it then stood, has reserved another passage for the termination of his outlines, and, as we shall see, more applicable to the present state of things. The execution of this idea is equal to its con-

ception. The bell, now engaged in one of its most auspicious duties, calls together the authorities of the city lately in a state of insurrection, to a solemn thanksgiving for the return of peace. Through a long line of halberdiers they are proceeding to the cathedral. The head of the procession has already penetrated into the chancel. We might almost fancy it in real motion, so correct is the perspective from one end to the other, as far as the line is visible. The priests are followed by a train of young women, with flowing hair, crowned with garlands, and bearing palm-branches: next march the elders of the city, in their ermine robes and chains; and the pomp, not yet closed, is intercepted from our view by the projecting corner of the buildings on the left. From that point, to the distant objects in the centre, the prospect is varied by groups, gradually diminishing; some looking down from windows, others collected in the streets, a-foot or on horseback. The architecture and general disposition of the dwellings bring back many pleasing recollections to the mind of the traveller: and it is remarkable, that of the four pictures which represent processions all are equally striking, and none alike.









## NO. XLI.

Aloft "in pride of place," and far  
 O'er earth's low dwellings, shall it rise;  
 With the red bolt, and rolling star,  
 Co-tenant of the boundless skies.

IN one of the earlier numbers we have seen an elevation representing a church-tower, with its belfry, such as might be supposed to have been at that time faintly shadowed, like first thought, in the poet's mind. It now stands in a substantial form before us, containing the bell itself, towering amid the clouds, and looking down upon the dwellings of men, which lie many a fathom below at its base, enveloped in the shades of night. The stars of heaven are beaming upon it, and the lightnings, in allusion to a portion of the legend lately quoted, playing about its pinnacles. To raise the principal object to this conspicuous point of view it was necessary to abridge the rest: all we see is the upper portion of the building, from the highest turret down to part of the pediment, which forms the frontispiece of the cathedral. The perfect, or equilateral arch, with its spandrels, crockets, and corbels, and above all, the circular rose du portail, denote the second era of pointed architecture, which prevailed from the middle of the twelfth to about the end of the fifteenth century. This epoch it is necessary to bear in mind, because it partly serves to ascertain the date which, it will be remembered, has been assumed for the costume and other particulars belonging to these outlines. We proceed now to notice

a new set of symbolical devices, which form the relieves of this ecclesiastical structure.

The triangular pediment at the bottom is adorned with the representation of the day of judgment. On the right and left, towards the centre, two archangels are sounding their trumpets, which awake the dead on either side; those on the right to the resurrection of the just made perfect, those on the left to the resurrection of condemnation. In the centre Michael and Lucifer are contending for the soul of man, which is symbolized by the figure of Psyche, and upon which the beams of reconciled Justice are streaming from above. In front of the topmost turret, on a pedestal which surmounts the belfry, stands the statue of the Redeemer; at his feet are angels in adoration; in his hand is the standard of victory.

The whole conveys this meaning—that through the death of the cross life and immortality are brought to light by Him to whom all dominion is given.









## NO. XLII.

A voice, as of the host on high,  
That, shrined in every starry sphere,  
Hosannah! to their Maker cry,  
And lead in dance the circling year.

THE same allegory of the Seasons which made part of the prologue or frontispiece to these outlines now returns at the close of the cycle.

Time has fulfilled its destined round, and hastes to bring this history, like every other earthly thing, to a conclusion. In comparing the present group with the first of the series, we find not only that the Seasons have dismissed their allegorical companions, who represented the changes and chances of mortal life, but that they themselves present rather a different appearance. In the former plate they wore a sort of radiated coronet; here, from their respective attributes, they seem more directly to embody the abstract ideas of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, the latter being distinguished by ample drapery blown about by the winds. This difference may be accounted for by the ambiguity with which these personages are mentioned in heathen mythology: by the Latin poets they are simply called by the names here translated into

English; but the Greeks reduce their number generally to three, and bestow upon them a lofty genealogy, and high-sounding names. According to some they are the daughters of Jupiter and Themis, and named Eunomia, Dice, and Irene; this accounts for their coronets. Others mention only two, Carpo and Thalote.

Our artist, therefore, is well warranted in assigning to them whichever number and character best suit his purpose; and he appears to have used his option not without good reason and knowledge of the subject: for in the former instance, where the seasons are joined hand in hand with Peace and Discord, Mirth and Sorrow, he attributes to them their proper moral association with those impersonated qualities, thus generally alluding to their names, which he borrows, though he mentions them not in his remarks, from the Theogony of Hesiod; whereas, in this latter instance, where they are no longer ostensibly coupled with these associates, and seem more immediately related to time in its physical

effects upon the universe, he confers upon them the mere temporal names and attributes more usually assigned to them. By this means he not only adheres more closely to the meaning of Schiller, but cleverly introduces some novelties of his own. Thus the signs of the Zodiac, over which the Seasons are hovering, or in whose orbit, rather, they appear to revolve, allude to the imaginary music of the spheres, and beautifully elucidate a passage in the lay, which it seems has excited some criticism. (*See the motto*

*to this number, and the note at the end of the volume referring to p. 15.*

The colossal head of Time, looking down upon the globe, with hair and beard streaming through an infinity of space, is farther characterized as the origin and end of all things by the emblem of a star springing into existence on his right hand; and on his left, by that of a world in flames.







## NO. XLIII.

And as the mightiest sound that thrills  
 The throbbing ear dissolves away,  
 So may it teach us, all that fills  
 This earthly round must needs decay.

THESE words, though they occur a little earlier in the lay, have been discreetly reserved for the last impressive picture which closes the history of the bell; nor could they have been more feelingly applied than to the final dissolution of the object from which the poem derives its title. Age after age must now be supposed to have past away since the formation of the bell; and many another generation still appears to have witnessed its gradual decay since it fell from its lofty station to moulder among the ruins where it now lies low. A section only of its circumference is visible, and that so deeply imbedded in the soil, so overgrown with sedges in the swampy ground, so shattered and defaced, that we can scarcely recognise it for the same, except by some faint traces of the ornaments which were once its pride. Among them is one not yet noticed, the medallion of its ingenious founder, who has so long and eloquently amused us by descanting on its praise. All the purposes of which he boasted in its monastic inscription have long been at an end: its chief attribute, "the concord of sweet sounds," is no more — a crack, extending through the centre to the rim, has annulled its very name, and silenced its harmony for ever.

Wherever we turn our eyes they encounter nought but ruin and desolation. The whole country has become a desert. The oak, which had defied a century of storms and tempests, now withered and hollow with age, lies prostrate to the last faint breeze which has consummated its fall. The feudal castle which crowned the hill, the town, the cathedral itself, the awe and wonder of innumerable generations, lies level with the ground, and scarcely redeems from oblivion the site whereon it stood, by the relics of its by-gone glory. Still more solemnly to impress upon our minds the transitory nature of all worldly objects, we are reminded not only of that hereafter, when

The great globe itself,  
 Yea, all that it inherits, shall dissolve,

but when time itself shall be no more !

These awful truths are conveyed by two distinct symbols: on the left is the fragment of a pillar, whose capital rests upon a globe supported on the shoulders of Atlas, himself a ruin; on the right is the effigy of Saturn, the mythological personification of Time:



the point of his destructive scythe is broken, and his own devouring jaws corroded and defaced—etiam periere ruinæ. The very monuments of the dead, frail guardians of those who have long mouldered into dust, have survived only to undergo a more tardy dissolution. But there is one among them which strikingly arrests our attention, and is made the vehicle of a fine moral. It is the monument of a woman with an infant in her arms, and a girl, seemingly *about eight years old*, at her side.

In the mother we cannot fail to recognise the image of the matron, upon whose worth we have formerly dwelled with so much interest, and whose untimely death has already been the theme of our sorrow. She may be supposed to have died in child-birth of the babe she holds to her bosom: the elder child is the same whose expressive countenance was remarked among the group collected together after the memorable fire. We missed her at the funeral, and our apprehensions are now confirmed that she preceded her mother to the grave. But where is the father? Is there no memorial of him who boasted that his fame should endure for

ever? We took leave of him at the burial—we searched for him among the defenders of his country at the insurrection, and again among her honourable men engaged in thanksgiving at the return of peace. In vain! The worldly man was absent, or had perished in the service of Mammon. Once we saw him flourishing like a green bay tree; we seek him now, but his place cannot be found. He is gone, and all his thoughts have perished! Not so the memory of the righteous. The cherished traces of his virtuous unpretending wife and innocent children are discernible to the last; their fame blossoms even in the valley of the shadow of death; and the medallion of the pious craftsman engraved upon the bell, survives the ruins of his handiwork, and is made coëval with the very end of time.

With this affecting lesson we close the Analysis, and trust that the moments bestowed upon it have not past away without leaving behind them some salutary impressions, however mingled with others of a more trivial nature.

## NOTES.

"*With Midas ear,*" &c.

SEE PREFACE.

MILTON, in the sonnet addressed to Henry Lawes, who set to music the songs in *Comus*, expresses his disgust at the false emphasis given by contemporary composers to words adapted to their airs. This is a fault from which some of the adapters of our age are not exempt. To say nothing of many examples in our English version of Haydn's "*Creation*," it is remarkable with what rapture our dilettanti applaud the clumsy adaptation of English words to Italian or German music, where, with equal violence to both, and with no less injustice to our singers, whether in an opera by Bellini, or an oratorio by Spohr, a number of metrical feet, no matter whether *long* or *short*, are distorted into an unmeaning combination with as many notes of unequal measure, in defiance of all prosody or expression. It is not by any means intended by this observation to contract the licence, either of poetry or music, in deviating occasionally from the ordinary accent, so as to diversify the intonation of one or the other: as, for example, in Handel's beautiful opening to "*Israel in Egypt*," "*Sing ye unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;*" for this is only analogous to the frequent liberties taken by our great epic poet himself, never, however, without reference to classical authority; such as in the word *empyreal* or *empyréal*, with the accent sometimes upon the penultimate; but the practice of arbitrary and unauthorized accentuation in music, which is equivalent to false quantities in verse, can never be too strongly deprecated.

PAGE 1.

"*Lo the mould,*" &c.

There are two moulds, the outer and the inner, which are constructed by means of two pairs of compasses, thus: a hole is dug in the ground, in the centre of which a stake is driven; at the top of this is an iron peg, with a pivot. The compasses for the inner mould are made to turn upon this pivot, describing a circle, beyond which a larger one is struck by the compasses for the outer mould: the space between the stake and the outer circle is then built up in brick work, leaving a hollow in the centre for the admission of fuel. This hollow is afterwards filled up with fine clay, in such a manner that the curve of the compasses touches the clay in every direction: the clay is then baked, and becomes the inner mould, which is also called the *core*. The outer mould (*le Kern*), of which we are now speaking, is then formed, also of fine clay. This outer model is then baked, and, when cooled, the different ornaments, previously modelled in wax, are fixed to its surface. The shell, or thin covering of this outer mould, is then constructed of clay fine enough to sheath and take the impression of the wax ornaments: the latter are then melted away, and the shell thickened with additional layers of coarser clay, and the whole outer mould braced with iron hoops. This is afterwards lifted out of the pit by a windlass, and well greased, to prevent adhesion, and then replaced. The empty space between the two moulds is then filled with the raw bell-metal. This consists of copper, zinc, and tin, to which is added potash, in the proportion of about a pound to every ten

hundred weight of metal. In twelve hours it is in a state of fusion, which is indicated by the conduit pipes assuming a brown colour. The apertures of these pipes are represented in the Outlines, Nos. II. and XXVIII. An iron rod is then plunged into the smelted mixture, which, if equally glazed over, proves the metal to be sufficiently fused. It is necessary also to ascertain whether the bell-metal is mixed in proper proportions. This is done by pouring a little into a hollow stone, which, when cold, is broken with a hammer: if the surface of this fragment is quite smooth, then there is too much tin; but if very rough or indented, not enough. See Outline No. XXVIII.

The furnace consists of two parts—the lower chamber for the metal, the upper for the chimney. There are five apertures; that with an iron door, through which the plates of raw metal are thrown; another, through which the flame strikes into the furnace, and is reverberated into the chimney; a third, closed with a stopple, which being removed, the fused metal flows through a small gutter into the space between the two moulds: the two remaining apertures are the pipes already mentioned. These last are to let out the smoke caused by the closure of the chimney at the top, after the fuel has been introduced: this closure causes the flame to strike inwards against the metal.

For a more ample description of the process of bell-founding, see Rees's Cyclopædia.

## PAGE 2.

*"The brazen mouth," &c.*

So Shakspeare, King John, act ii. scene 5:

If the midnight bell  
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth  
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night.

## PAGE 3.

*"From maiden play to man's employ," &c.*

Dem Mädchen reißt sich stolz der Knabe. Literally, The boy proudly tears himself away from the maiden; *i. e.* the maidenly character, the society and

habits of the inmates of his nursery—his sisters, and other female associates. No excuse is made for the laxity of this translation; on the contrary, it is noticed only as one of those paraphrastic expedients which, however abhorrent to the theory of those uncompromising critics who stickle for literal translation, and deem every deviation from it a sacrifice of meaning to metre, is recommended as facilitating the version of idioms often too hastily pronounced untranslatable. See Preface.

## PAGE 4.

*"Sweet the virgin-blossoms play."*

The line in the original, viz. *Spielet der jungfräuliche Kranz*, is a deviation from the general trochaic metre, being in measure the same as the last hemistich of a Greek or Latin pentameter, and might have been translated thus,

Swēetlŷ thē vīrgīn-būds plāy.

But the translator has continued the trochees without this break, in compliance with the fastidiousness, or rather, ignorance of the English ear, which *eschews pentameters*, for much the same reason that musical amateurs of the old school affect to ridicule the prevailing more learned counterpoint—because they do not understand it. It is, however, but fair to point out, that the line in the original purposely breaks the metre, in order to describe the fluttering of a wreath of flowers, and is an exemplification of the method by which Schiller occasionally makes the sound an echo to the sense. The line in the original beautifully describes the fluttering of the wreath of flowers worn by the bride. If it fails of that effect in the translation the reader may substitute this line,

The virgin-blossoms sweetly play,

which will restore the uniformity of the iambic rhythm.

## PAGE 5.

*"And the father exultingly," &c.*

It has been observed in the Preface, that Schiller generally uses the iambic measure in those strophes which contain the moral, as distinguished from the technical parts of this poem. The above is one of several exceptions. The



metre here is dactylic, the same as that which so beautifully animates the words and music of Sir Walter Scott's spirited song of Roderic Mac Alpin. This is one of the metres ridiculed in the Anti-Jacobin Review; and we are obliged to Sir Walter for having redeemed it from the merciless ban under which it laboured in Southey's earlier days. It may fairly be questioned whether the criticism was ever founded upon any better reason than that our ear had been hitherto unaccustomed to almost any other than the Greek iambus and trochee, the usual measure of English heroic and lyric verse: but there must have been a time when these also were first naturalised, and by this time even the "needy knife-grinder" himself has become so familiar to us, that we are reconciled at last to the chaunt with which he accompanies the melodious grating of his wheel, and acknowledge it to be no other than the sapphic stanza, the music of the tenth Muse.

## PAGE 6.

"His stacks," &c.

Der Pfosten ragende Bäume. Literally, The projecting timbers of the posts. The stacks in a German farm-yard are not constructed like ours, but built round a central post or pole, the top of which juts out (raget) considerably beyond the hay or sheaves of corn which they support, and present a very striking feature in every landscape along the Rhine and throughout the Netherlands.

## PAGE 6.

"The well-grained metal  
Cleft in twain," &c.

It has been explained in a previous note, that one of the tests to which the bell-metal is exposed when in a state of fusion, is to collect a portion of it, and, when cold, to break and examine the surface of the fragment. The passage of which the above is a translation is this, Schön gezadet ist der Bruch—*The fragment is fairly indented*; neither too rough nor too smooth. It is therefore the grain of the metal which is here concerned; a reference to which presents a more intelligible meaning than if the passage had been more literally translated.

## PAGE 7.

"For all the elements, arrayed," &c.

Denn die Elemente haßen  
Das Geschick der Menschenhand.

Literally, For the elements hate the work of men's hands. But the passage has been amplified, more clearly to mark its allusion to a metaphor in the Agamemnon of Æschylus, where the herald Talthybius gives an account of the shipwreck, line 650.

Ζύνῶμασαν γὰρ, ὄντες ἐχθιστοὶ τὸ πρῶν  
Πῦρ καὶ θαλάσσης, καὶ τὰ πιστ' ἐδεξάτην  
Φθειρόντε τον δύσστητον Ἀργείων στρατόν.

Milton alludes to this passage in Paradise Regained, Book IV.

Fire with water

In ruin reconciled.

And it is thus rendered by the late John Symmons, in his learned and spirited translation of the Agamemnon, 8vo, London, 1824,

Elements

Before most hostile, joined in league together  
To wreck us, fire and water.

## PAGE 7.

"Every gift is from on high."

This and the last line of the first strophe obviously allude to the 1st Epistle of St. James, chapter i. verse 17. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights."

## PAGE 9.

"What if ore or clay," &c.

The danger to be apprehended at the moment of casting is, lest some accident should have happened in the interior of the work, either from the improper

mixture of the bell-metal, which causes what are technically termed *flaws* and *pores*, or from some mismanagement in heating the furnace, or from the faulty construction of the moulds. In any of these cases the metal either takes a false direction, and streams out of the various apertures, or bursts the model. This is technically called *bolting*. The operation of knocking the stopple out is often attended with great loss of life and property.

## PAGE 13.

*"Swing the hammer, swing,  
Till the splinters spring."*

Literally, Till the mantle spring. But this would not have been intelligible; because, though Mantel in German means, in its primary sense, the same as in English, it has also a secondary one, which is technically used for what our bell-founders call "the *motherpiece*," a word unmanageable in verse. In order to *compensate* for the loss of the metaphor in one place, it is here restored in another, thus—

Ere it rise, th' *unmantled* bell,  
Must cast off its shattered shell.

## PAGE 14.

*"Freedom and equality."*

Liberté et égalité! the constant cry during the French Revolution of 1791-3. The halls here alluded to are not halls of justice, council halls, &c., but "les halles," as they are called at Paris; those covered markets which have given their name to "les dames des halles," those ferocious women, poissardes and others, who earned an odious celebrity during the massacres in the time of Robespierre, and who now claim the privilege of presenting a bouquet at the accouchements of their Royal Highnesses the Princesses of the Sovereign House of Orleans. Monsieur Duprè, the author of *Lexicographia Neologica Gallica*, under the words "égalité" and "liberté," defines them severally at considerable length, quoting the Declaration of the Rights of Man by the National Assembly, presented to Louis XVI. on the 3rd of September, 1791. See pp. 97 and 163, 8vo. 1801.

## PAGE 14.

*"Burns to ashes all the land."*

In his note upon this passage we are obliged to Mr. Klaur-Klatowski for a very pretty little fable, of which the following is a free translation, or rather parody, where nothing but the thought is attempted to be preserved.

One night a monkey fired a wood  
Where old majestic cedars stood,  
The glory of all monkey-land.  
"Was e'er," cried he, "a sight so grand?  
"Come, brothers! come! I've found the way  
"How to turn midnight into day."  
Up came his brethren, great and small,  
Mowing and chattering one and all:  
"Long life to brother Jocko! He's  
"The patriot of our cedar trees.  
"Tis he enlightens all the nation:  
"Hurrah! reform! and conflagration!"

## PAGE 15.

*"Round the helm a blaze," &c.*

The piece which surmounts the bell like a cap or helmet, is in English technically called *the ear*: it terminates in a loop attached to a chain, by which it is fastened to a beam in the belfry; at the other extremity is a ring, which is inserted, through a hole at the top, into the hollow of the bell, and holds the tongue or clapper. The hole is then soldered up. The brim is the lower portion of the circle of the bell—in German, der Mund, the mouth—being the immediate vehicle of sound.

## PAGE 15.

*"The christening."*

The custom of christening bells is very ancient, but it appears to be a ceremony distinct from baptism, a charge which has been sometimes made against Roman



Catholics, and which they repel, apparently upon sufficient grounds. They allow, however, that they bless their bells, as they do all other church utensils, and that they bestow names upon them in token of consecration to their saints. This practice was prohibited in a capitular of Charlemagne, as early as A. D. 789. Notwithstanding which it was still continued, even among the Protestants; though with the latter it forms no part of religious ceremony. A name is given, as in this instance, by the Master Bell-founder, unattended by any episcopal benediction, but not without much festivity among the laity.

## PAGE 15.

*"And lead in dance the circling year."*

Mr. Klaur-Klatowski, in his note upon this passage, says, "The epithet *βετράνιε*," encircled with a garland, or wreathed, "has been pointed out by some German critics as a blemish in this poem, for not having any intelligible meaning. Schiller, however, has always been too careful in the choice of his epithets to allow of such a supposition." So far there is no question; but it may be doubted whether the Professor's hypothesis, ingenious as it is, may be assumed as the proper plea for the poet's justification. "To me," he continues, "it is clear that the words *δαὶ βετράνιε ἱστὴ* mean the zodiac," &c. Mr. Retzsch, by introducing that symbol in the sketch which illustrates this passage (see No. XLII. of *the Analysis*), appears to be of the same opinion. It is one which certainly deserves attention. Another solution of the difficulty is here submitted, not altogether at variance with the above, but rather as a sort of corollary. By a figure of speech which grammarians call hypallage, scarcely, if at all, known to modern language, but of very frequent occurrence in the Greek classics, an epithet strictly belonging to one noun is often transferred to another. Thus, for example, in the Agamemnon, line 157, Schütz's edition,

Νεικέων τεκτονα σύμ-  
φυτον οὐ δεισσυόρα,

The epithet *σύμφυτον* (consanguineous) is transferred by hypallage from *νεικέων* to *τεκτονα*. Again in Hyppolitus, line 67,

Ναίεις ευπατέρεσαν αυλαν,

which, however, is a disputed passage; but in the *Hercules furens* we have *καλλιπαῖδα στέφανον*, an expression very analogous to *δαὶ βετράνιε ἱστὴ*, and

possibly may have suggested it: for the epithet *καλλιπαῖδα* (having beautiful children), strictly applicable to a mother or to a country, is there transferred to *στέφανον*, the wreath with which the mother having beautiful children is crowned, according to the scriptural metaphor, as in Proverbs xvii. 6, "Children's children are the crown of old men." Now this, if literally translated, would be "a wreath bearing beautiful children," instead of "a wreath which crowns the mother bearing beautiful children." In like manner *δαὶ βετράνιε ἱστὴ* would be "the encircled year," instead of the earth which is encircled by the year, whether in the figurative form of the zodiac, or allegorically by the seasons in their revolving course. The latter is the sense in which the passage is here translated, turning the past participle into the present. The difficulty, then, appears to have arisen from the learned poet having, perhaps too adventurously, used a figure of speech familiar to himself, but not generally known either to the German or English language. In the latter it would have been quite unintelligible, and is therefore not attempted, according to the precept of Horace:

Quæ

Desperas tractata nitescere posse reliquas.

## PAGE 16.

*"It swings! it roars!"*

So Milton, in the *Penseroso*,

Swinging slow with solemn roar.

## PAGE 19.

*"Two German Emperors—John the Blind, King of Bohemia."*

Otho IV., Duke of Saxony, of the house of Brunswick, at the instigation of Pope Innocent III., rose in opposition to Frederick II., son of the Emperor Henry VI., and grandson of the famous Barbarossa. This Otho, who had been crowned King of the Romans, was afterwards excommunicated and deposed by the same Pope, fled to England, and ultimately died in Brunswick, 1218. Frederick, meanwhile, was content to receive the imperial crown from Pope Honorius, but was in turn excommunicated by his successor, Pope Gregory IX., and again by Innocent IV. A long and desolating war ensued, with various success, during

which Frederick II. died, and Henry VII. was elected Emperor, 1308. John, the son of the latter, married the sister of Wenceslaus VI., King of Bohemia, at that time a fief of the empire, and, on failure of male issue in the direct line, succeeded, by election, to that crown in 1310. Meantime, the imperial crown of Germany was contested by two rival pretenders, the descendants of the above-named Otho IV. John, as vassal and hereditary cupbearer, refused to do homage to either, and having become blind, resigned his crown, according to the laws of the kingdom, to his son Charles, proceeded to France as auxiliary to Philip VI. against the English, and was slain by Edward the Black Prince at the battle of Cressy, on Saturday the 26th of August, 1346.

## PAGE 77.

*"Reserved for more prominent situations hereafter."*

Ut pictura poesis. Mr. Retzsch seems to be well aware of the Horatian maxim applied to dramatic poetry, in the *Epistola ad Pisones*—

*Pleraque deferet et præsens in tempus omittet.*

## PAGE 79.

*"The fate of that lovely child."*

The beauty here delineated is of that fearful and ominous kind which reminds us of a striking passage in Tieck's *Life of Novalis*, where he describes Sophia while yet a child: "There is sometimes," he says, "an expression imprinted on the features of children which conveys an idea of something supernatural, and which, from the clear and almost transparent complexion that accompanies it, creates an apprehension that it is a tissue too tender and finely spun for this life; that it is either death or immortality that looks out so significantly from those

glistening eyes; and too often does a rapid wasting away convert our prophetic fear into sad reality." All, however, which is here said is mere conjecture. In Mr. Retzsch's own "*Remarks*" there is no stated intention to excite any exclusive interest for this child; yet in the last number of the *Outlines* there appears to be internal evidence to confirm our hypothesis. The subject will be again alluded to at the close of the *Analysis*.

## PAGE 95.

*"An attempt of this kind," &c.*

One word of apology to the able painter to whom we are obliged for his delineation of the fall of Babylon, and other similar specimens of his pencil. Nothing is here advanced in disparagement of his acknowledged talents; they have earned for him, both here and abroad, a just and merited celebrity. Every work, to be rightly appreciated, must be judged according to the aim proposed. That of Mr. Martin has obviously been to create an idea of immensity of space; and he has succeeded in a very striking manner. The *history* seems to have been a secondary object. The only question meant to be submitted is, whether the application of equal talent to another and a more legitimate object might not have produced equally striking effects of another kind, and upon better established principles of art. But, after all,

*Pictoribus atque poetis*

*Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.*

## PAGE 106.

*"The monument of a woman," &c.*

The reader will now decide whether the conjecture alluded to in a foregoing note is not confirmed by the circumstances here noticed.

THE END.









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